FRIENDSHIP'S

OFFERING

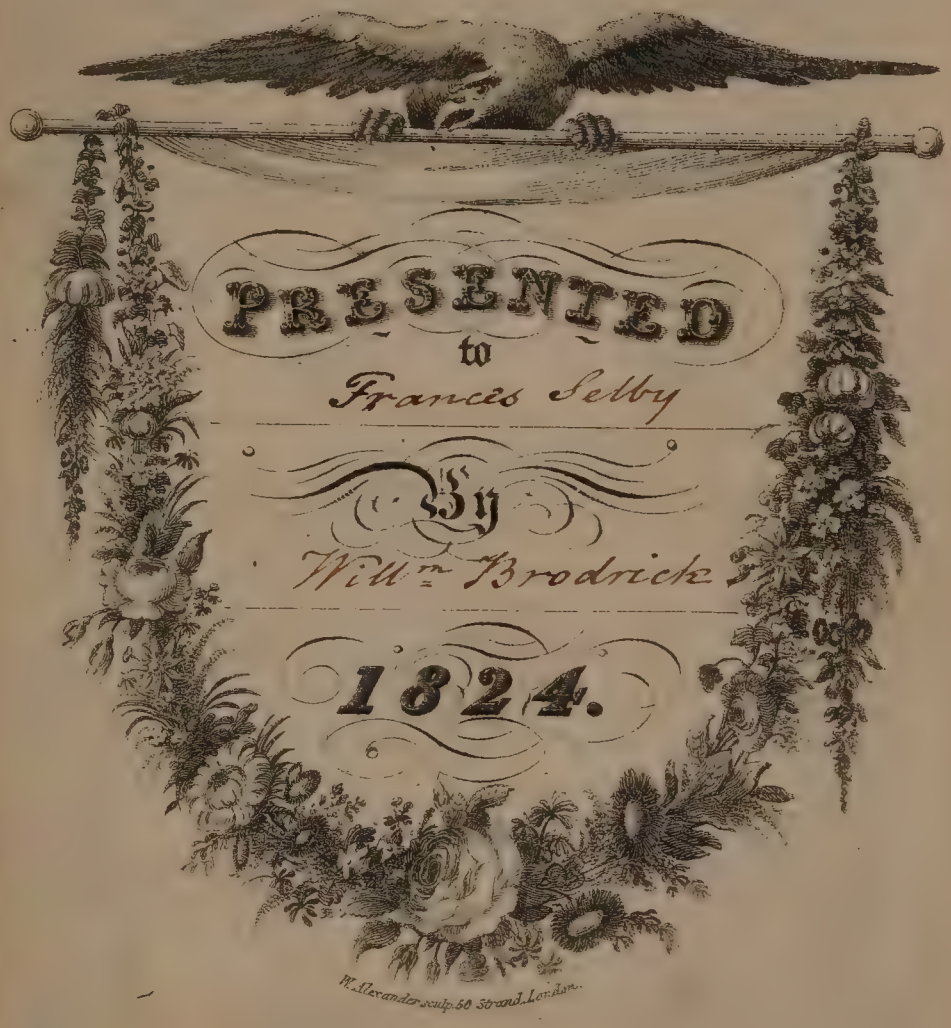
1824

9 <11

6 engraved View

£35—
1872

Madrid
St Sebastian
Geneva
Dresden
Florence
Lausanne


PRESENTED
to
Frances Selby
By
Willm Brodrick
1824.
W. Alexander sculp. 60 Strand. London.

Friendship's Offering

OR THE

Annual Remembrancer

A

CHRISTMAS PRESENT,

OR

New Year's Gift

FOR

1824.

LONDON.
LUPTON RELFE, 13 CORNHILL.

PREFACE.

To address a word to the British Public, in favour of a little volume intended to compete with those elegant productions of continental taste, which are such established favourites in the countries where they originated, is perhaps needless. They have ever been highly esteemed as New Year's gifts and as Christmas presents, although they are not confined to such purposes exclusively.—While it is confidently trusted, that this attempt will bear comparison with the choicest foreign works alluded to, both with regard to splendour of embellishment, and an union of the agreeable with the useful, it is also presumed, that to be minutely particular in describing its claims to public notice, would be considered unnecessary.—The volume must speak for itself.

It may be sufficient to say, that this commencement of the *annual series* intended, contains, independently of its graphic decorations, original contributions from well known and popular pens,

which need only to be read, in order to be justly appreciated.

The descriptions of "the most interesting European Cities, &c." are, in great measure, the results of personal observation; and their fidelity, not less than that of the views accompanying them, may in consequence be depended upon. The beauty of the views themselves, will be apparent from the most cursory inspection.

By the continuation of a work like the present, it is hoped that the mere *Pocket-book* of the year (the purposes of which it is partially intended to supply) will be elevated in character, and rendered more generally useful and interesting than hitherto. Should it meet the public approbation, every endeavour shall be made to render the Annual Remembrancer of each succeeding year more attractive, and deserving patronage, than its predecessor.

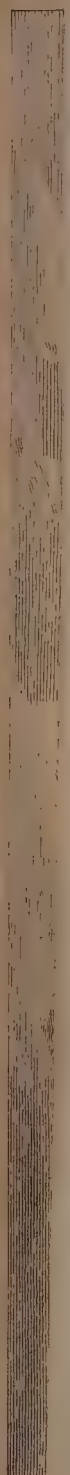
TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page
Description of Madrid	1
Description of St. Sebastian	17
Description of Geneva	24
Description of Lausanne	37
Description of Florence	44
Description of Dresden	58
New Tale of Temper, by Mrs. Opie	66
Account of a recent Ascent to the Summit of the Peak of Teneriffe	94
Scene from the " Life of Ali Pacha"	110
Scene from " First Affections "	116
Account of the Festival at Goldsberg, on Christmas Eve	126
Literary Competition usefully directed	130
Historical sketch of Beards	133
Antique Inscription	136
Pauperism in Europe	137
Compendious Weather Guide	136
The Four Seasons	141
The Year 1824	142
Original Poetry—	
Hymn to God, by Mrs. Opie	143
Elegiac Stanzas, by Do.	144
Song by Do.	146
Song by Do.	147

Social and Solitary Enjoyments contrasted 148
To the Setting Sun 149
Ballad Stanzas 150
Ballad 151
Battle between the Turks and the Suliotes 152
Quadrille L'Orage .....
Quadrille Le Capricieuse .....
Song, " Eve of Departure," *(set to music)* 156
Fifty-three Ruled Pages for Memorandums ..... 157—211
Enigmas, Charades, &c. ..... 213—218
New Hackney-Coach Fares 219
Rates of Watermen 220
Holidays observed at the Public Offices 221
Transfer days at the Bank 222

Engd. by S. Rawle.

MADRID



Descriptive Sketches

OF THE MOST INTERESTING

EUROPEAN CITIES,

&c.

[To be continued.]

MADRID.

MADRID, for a very long period, was only an obscure town, appertaining to the Archbishops of Toledo; but, singular as it may seem, while so many flourishing and illustrious cities, enjoying every advantage of situation, have sunk into insignificant villages, the capital of Spain, though built upon a barren soil, has become one of the finest cities in Europe.

Few of the approaches to Madrid announce to the traveller that he is near the metropolis of the Spanish monarchy. The inns within two leagues of the place are as dirty and destitute of all conveniences, as those of every other part of the kingdom. Yet the road from the Escurial is superb, although it traverses a line of country

yielding the palm of sterility to probably none other in Europe. In descending the side of the acclivity on which the Escurial is situated, the traveller passes, however, through a little forest of ash trees, which affords some pretty prospects. But, having once made his way through the "Fresnera," not a single glimpse of foliage is to be met with, until he approaches the Manzanares. This puny stream runs at the foot of the heights on which Madrid is built; its waters are seldom of sufficient depth to prevent their being forded by carriages; yet it is embellished with two large bridges, those of Segovia and Toledo, of the former of which it has been said, with more seeming wit than real truth, that "nothing was wanting to so fine a structure, but—a *river*." The author of this impromptu should have seen the Manzanares, when its bed was become a mighty volume of water from a heavy fall of rain, or sudden thaw of snow, and he would have admitted the injustice of taxing whole nations with bombast, and might have blushed at the ignorance, which precluded him from accounting for the motive of these apparently ridiculous superstructures. The bridge of Segovia is about a thousand paces in length, and, at either entrance to it, about twenty-two in breadth, though it becomes narrow towards the centre, where it is not

more than twelve. It is built of cut stone, and has a parapet breast-high. The gate of the city, which in that direction leads to it, is called the gate of Segovia, and from thence the bridge derives its name. It was built in the reign of Philip II., after a design by the celebrated John de Herrera; and upon the whole, certainly, well notifies the vicinity of the royal residence. The other bridge, that of Toledo, which is much more modern, cannot compete with it in beauty, as it is ornamented in an extravagant taste with arches, as indeed are the greater part of the bridges of Spain.

The appearance of Madrid is handsome, as it presents itself on the approach from the side of the Escurial. After crossing the Manzanares, the route leads partly along the fine road, lined with trees, which connects the capital with the "Pardo," a royal residence about seven miles distant. The gate of San Vicente, through which the traveller thus enters Madrid, is of modern construction, and its elevation is handsome. Hence he ascends a steep acclivity to the palace, which, situated as it is on an isolated eminence, without either garden, park, or terrace, might easily be mistaken for a citadel, rather than the residence of a sovereign; but a nearer view, as our engraving alone will inform the reader, is

calculated to make a much more favourable impression. Its form is quadrangular, and its interior court-yard adorned with noble porticos. The ascent to the first floor is by means of a fine marble stair-case, leading to the royal apartments, which are of the loftiest dimensions. The saloon, or hall, which contains the throne, will bear comparison even with the celebrated gallery of Versailles. The whole of the furniture, with few exceptions, is of Spanish production; the glass, and mirrors, which in size probably exceed what any other palace can boast, are of the manufactory of San Ildefonso; the tapestry was made at the works near the gate of Madrid; and the quarries of the Peninsula furnished the whole of the marbles of which the tables, staircase, &c. are constructed.

The apartment, contiguous to this hall, is that in which the King, when resident, takes his dinner. Its ceiling introduces the visitor to the family circle of the Gods and Goddesses of Olympus, on whom Mengs has bestowed all the grace and richness of his splendid pencil. From this apartment we pass into the hall of audience, the ceiling of which contains Mengs' master piece—the Apotheosis of Hercules. But as the writer of this sketch professes to be an humble admirer, and not a deeply versed connoisseur, of the plastic art, he must

leave to others the task of accounting for the delight he experienced from the contemplation of many a perfect production of the united chisels and pencils of Spain, Italy, and other fascinating schools. When he mentions the names of Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Correggio, Vandyke, and Mengs, as so many contributors to the embellishment of the palace of Madrid, he has said quite enough to whet the edge of taste and expectation.

The paintings which are exhibited in the *Chapel* of the palace, can scarcely be said to add to its decoration; otherwise it is a splendid place of worship, and its elevation handsome.

The palace itself is entirely modern; for that in which Philip the Fifth first resided having been destroyed by fire in 1734, he resolved that the same site should be employed for the new residence. A Piedmontese architect offered him a magnificent design, and the model of it is still to be seen in a house near the palace; but the King was discouraged by its magnitude, and adopted a more simple plan, which was not less costly in its subsequent elevation, though it is still in an unfinished state.

The visitor approaches the front of the palace through an irregular square, at one extremity of which lies the Arsenal, which contains a collection of ancient and modern arms, arranged in

a very methodical manner, and carefully preserved from the corroding hand of time. The armour of the ancient American warriors will be found far more interesting, than the complete suits of mail of the old Kings of Spain, of St. Ferdinand, or even than the sword worn by Francis the First at the battle of Pavia.

Independently of the ancient and now dilapidated residence of the "Buen-Retiro" at the other extremity of Madrid, and the celebrated walks of the Prado, which are overlooked by this palace, and adjoin the Botanical Garden, there is but scanty matter for the inquisitive eye of the foreign curioso. The gates of Alcala, and San Vicente, the Custom-house, and Post-office, and one or two other modern erections, however, prove that the architectural taste of the Spaniards has acquired a great degree of perfection.

The plan of this city is well laid; the streets are in general broad, and gently as well as pleasingly tortuous; and the infrequency of heavy rains, added to the careful administration of its police, render it one of the cleanest towns in Europe. The largest and most frequented streets are those of Alcala, Atocha, Toledo, and the *Calle Grande*, or great street. There are also several squares, which in general, however, are not very regular in their architecture: the prin-

cipal are those of San Joachim, Sol, Lasganitas, San Domingo, La Cevada, and the Plaza Mayor. Excepting the Prado and its avenues, no other quarter of this metropolis is worthy of particular mention; even the celebrated "Plaza Mayor" is devoid of such attractions as might justify the lavish encomiums bestowed upon it by the Spaniards. It is an irregular quadrangle, bounded by houses of five and six stories, uniform enough in their elevation, but devoid of embell lishment. Beneath these stories runs a continued line of arcades. The "Plaza" is illuminated on great public occasions, and at such moments really affords a fine coup d'œil. It is adorned by a handsome edifice, where the Academy of History holds its sittings, and has collected its library, museum, manuscripts, and coins. A fire, which reduced very nearly the whole of one of the fronts of the "Plaza Mayor" to ashes about eight and twenty years ago, has much injured its symmetry of appearance; and this disfigurement is not redeemed by a collection of stands for the market kept in the centre, which prevent one from crossing it in a straight line. But this is undoubtedly the most favourable point of view for judging of the population of Madrid, nor could any one suppose, whilst view-

ing the multitudes which swarm around it, as well as in the adjacent streets to the "Puerta del Sol," at every hour of the day, that the whole number of souls which the city contains, does not exceed 142,000.

The streets and squares, with the exception of the "Plaza," are decorated with fountains in a very ill taste. Those most to be distinguished in this respect, are the fountain of the small irregular square called Plaza di Antonio Martin, and that of the before-mentioned Puerta del Sol. The others are not more magnificent, though less ridiculous. The water of all these fountains is excellent, and the air of the city is extremely pure. It was this purity of the air, and fine quality of the water, which induced Philip II. and his successors to make Madrid their place of residence.

We may farther observe, that, until the changes wrought by the French, and the recent reforming laws of the Cortes, Madrid contained fifteen gates, eighteen parishes, thirty-five convents of Monks, and thirty-one of Nuns; together with thirty-nine colleges, hospitals, and houses of charity: but very few of the religious establishments are now worth a visit or an inquiry. The Lombard traveller, Father Caimo, tells us that fifty thousand sheep, and twelve thousand oxen,

are annually consumed there*; to which his editor has added a ludicrous estimate of the *leeks and onions* devoured by the inhabitants, which he says amount to the scarcely calculable number of 970,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,045. This writer would not at present find reason to complain of the disagreeable smells of the streets, nor would he now think all the perfumes of Arabia necessary to defend himself from them.

The *Environs* of Madrid present the traveller with nothing more agreeable than the banks of the Manzanares, where he will find the three great requisites of this part of Spain, shade, coolness, and verdure. But we must not omit some farther notice of "Buen Retiro," to whose name only we have at present alluded. For this *villa* of the Spanish monarchs, Philip V. conceived an extraordinary partiality; and, after the destruction of the old palace, it was his sole residence until his death. It was likewise the only palace of Ferdinand VI.; and Charles III. passed the first

* This calculation appears small, in comparison with the consumption of London, even when the relative population of the two cities is taken into the account: for London, with its more than million of inhabitants, is estimated to consume annually not less than 770,000 sheep, and 110,000 oxen; together with 250,000 lambs, 250,000 calves, 200,000 hogs and pigs, besides animals of other kinds.

years of his reign here; yet never had a royal residence less appearance of a palace than the Retiro. It was ever a most irregular building, and exhibited nothing striking or majestic in any point of view; neither could more be said of it than this, that it comprehended a long suite of apartments, which, at a small expense, *might* have been rendered commodious. The Retiro was turned into a fortress by the French, who rapidly demolished its once-famous woodland shades, fish-ponds, fountains, theatre, &c.: though by good fortune an equestrian statue of Philip IV., executed by Peter Tacca, an able Florentine statuary, was preserved from the rage of the modern Vandals, and remains in the grounds, and indeed deserves never to perish. Of the paintings which once decorated the Retiro, but have been removed to the more modern palace, we shall briefly mention two: one of which, by Charles Vanloo, represents Philip V., advanced in years, seated beside his consort, and surrounded by his children. The brilliant colouring of the furniture introduced into this piece, makes the figures look dull; yet we cannot without interest contemplate this pictorial assemblage of princes and princesses, who acted conspicuous *royal* parts upon the theatre of the world. The other picture is more remarkable for the scene it delineates,

than for its merits as a composition. It is a faithful representation of the last solemn *Auto-da-fe* held in 1680, in the Plaza Mayor, and in presence of the whole court of Charles II. The balconies appear crowded with spectators, attracted to the scene by pious curiosity. The tremendous tribunal appears elevated in the middle of the square. The judges there await their victims, who, dressed out in the emblems of their punishment, with haggard and disfigured looks, approach to hear their doom. Some are attended by monks, who administer their last exhortations; others are seen staggering and fainting on the steps of the tribunal. A number of gloomy reflections overwhelmed the mind, on regarding this terrible picture; from which let us now turn our eyes, to fix them on objects more agreeable.

El Retiro commands a view of the fashionable walk of the Prado, so long celebrated in the novels and dramatic compositions of Spain. This renown has been cheaply bought; for the place in itself was formerly of little consequence, and derived its reputation solely from having been the stage upon which several remarkable scenes were exhibited. But Charles III. transformed it into a magnificent walk, which may be frequented with safety and satisfaction at all seasons of the year, partly by levelling the ground

and planting it with trees, and partly by illuminating the alleys; adorning it as well by fountains and statues, some of which, for example that of Cybele, are executed in a very fine style. It occupies the space of half a league, and forms part of the interior of the city, some of the principal streets terminating in it. That of Alcala, one of the most spacious in Europe, crosses it, and then runs along the ci-devant gardens of the Retiro, finally terminating at a gate of the same name, which, though rather heavy, is one of the finest ornaments to Madrid.

To the Prado, the citizens crowd from every quarter, both on foot and in carriages; mingle together; and, under the shade of the long alleys, inhale a salubrious air, attempered by the waters of the fountains, and perfumed with the fragrant exhalations of the flowers. The crowds assembled here are sometimes prodigious. But the equipages display little taste and variety; and in place of that motley diversity of apparel and head-dresses, which, in other public places of Europe, create an agreeable change in the scene, you behold, in the pedestrian visitants of the Prado, women dressed in an uniform style, muffled up in long veils, black or white, which conceal part of their faces; and men for the most part wrapped in huge cloaks of a dark colour; so

that the Prado, beautiful as it may be, and gay as it would be if an appendant to the metropolis of France, seems, in a peculiar sense, the parade of Castilian gravity.

We will just add to this hasty descriptive sketch of the Spanish capital, that the *Botanical Garden* greatly serves to heighten the beauty of the Prado; and that if the traveller obtains leave to spend a few hours within it, (which he may easily do) he will here find a most delightful retreat, overshadowed with trees, and surrounded by plants from every quarter of the globe. The political events of late years, and the stoppage of nearly all intercourse between Spain and her colonies, have prevented accessions from the Trans-Atlantic world since the rise of those events: yet, in most respects, the Botanical Garden of Madrid will still yield in variety or interest to few, or none, of the similar national establishments of Europe.

To this brief view of the chief city of perhaps the most strongly and distinctively marked among modern states, it may not prove uninteresting to subjoin the following details relative to the

POPULATION OF SPAIN.

The annals of the population of countries are

an infallible thermometer of their fortunes; for whatever influences the latter, whether internal peace or civil dissensions, decay of commerce or extension of mercantile enterprize—in short, whatever invigorates or paralyzes the sources of national prosperity—produces a rapid and perceptible effect on the numerical strength of kingdoms. Spain affords many a remarkable instance of the truth of this observation.

Although we cannot suffer ourselves to be misled by the erroneous assertion of Osorio y Rediu, who estimated the ancient population of this country, when Saguntum and Numantia were in the zenith of their prosperity, at 78 millions, yet there is sufficient evidence at hand, to prove that Spain, at that period, was far more thickly peopled than she has ever been in modern times. Tarragona is well known to have had 2,500,000 inhabitants, and Merida to have drawn, from its local sources, maintenance for a garrison of 90,000.* It is impossible to ascertain whether the population of Spain was greater at that time, than in the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, when some writers ventured to estimate it at the exaggerated amount of twenty millions.

In the times of the Moorish dominion, the po-

* "Nec numero Hispanos, nec robore Gallos, nec artibus Græco superavimus," says Cicero. *Orat. de Har. rest.*

pulation was far more numerous than at the present day, and the subsequent data will sufficiently prove its actual defalcation. Granada, then numbered 300,000 souls, but has now only 66,661; Cordova 200,000, now 35,000; Baeza 150,000, now 15,000; Seville 300,000, now only 96,000; and at that time of day there were 12,000 towns, villages, &c. on the banks of the Guadalquivir, whilst 809 haunts of men is the number to which the inhabited places of all Andalusia are at this moment reduced.

In fact, nothing can more forcibly impress upon our minds the certain and rapid influence of national calamities on population, than an investigation into the rise and decline of the Spanish. Let the reader ponder on the following summary, with the annals of Spanish vicissitudes at his elbow, and then draw his own conclusions.

In 1688 the population of Spain amounted to	12,000,000 souls
1700	8,000,000
1714	6,000,000
1767	9,000,000
1787	10,268,151
1797	12,000,000
1808	10,351,075
1817	10,372,000

It has been computed, that the soil of the Peninsula would be perfectly adequate to feed a

population of 38 millions of men, even were the remainder of its provinces no better peopled than that of Guipuscoa, which contains 105,000 inhabitants on a surface of 52 square leagues. Antillon has assigned greater capabilities to the Peninsular soil, and has computed, that if it were peopled in proportion with the Portuguese province, Entre Duero y Minho, it would number 57,449,945 souls.

ST SEBASTIAN.

ST. SEBASTIAN.

ST. SEBASTIAN, a regularly fortified town, is the capital of Guipuscoa, the eastern division of Biscay, and not very distant from the Pyrenean frontier of the Peninsula. It possesses a good and once well-frequented Harbour, secured by two moles covered with redoubts, and between which only two ships can pass at a time. The streets *were* long, broad, straight, and paved with white flag stones; the houses handsome, the churches neat, and the environs agreeable. At a former period it was also both extremely populous, and distinguished for the commercial spirit of its inhabitants; who traded principally in iron and steel, the latter said to be the best in Europe: there was also a great export of wool from Old Castile. The Peninsular war, and more especially the memorable SIEGE of this town and fortress, deprived it of all its interior beauty, and was destructive to its commercial pursuits: neither has the unsettled state of Spain, up to the present moment, succeeded, it may be supposed, in restoring the prosperity it once enjoyed.

In 1794, this place was taken by the French republican troops; or, more probably, given up by treachery; for it capitulated on the day following that on which it was invested, although it had a garrison of 2000 men, together with 180 pieces of cannon, and a large supply of ammunition and other stores. The citadel, or castle, as will be seen from the accompanying plate, is rendered particularly strong, by its situation on the top of a lofty rock of most imposing form, from which the prospect of the sea and mountains, of the river Gurumea, at whose mouth the town is situated, and of the Pyrenees in the distance, is highly romantic and beautiful. The approach to the castle is defended by a line of walls, flanked by small works and redoubts, until we arrive at the very crown of the rock upon which it so commandingly stands.

On the 31st of August, 1813, as our brave commander, Sir Thomas Graham, (to whom Lord Wellington had intrusted the conduct of the *Siege,)* expressed himself, "the heroic conduct of all the troops concerned was at last crowned with success." Owing to the immense natural strength of the place, and its improvement to the highest pitch by art, the previous operations had been slow, and one actual attempt at storming unsuccessful; but British gallantry and perseverance

at last overcame every obstacle, and by prodigious efforts, obtained one of the most difficult conquests recorded in the annals of modern warfare.

Sir Thomas Graham, having made his arrangements, crossed the river to some batteries whence every thing could be distinctly seen, and from whence the various orders for the assault, according to circumstances, could be most promptly given.

The column of assault, in filing out of the right of the trenches, was exposed to a heavy fire of shells and grape shot, and a mine was exploded which did great damage, but did not check the ardour of the advance. At this moment, Sir Thomas stated in his despatches, never was there any thing so fallacious as the external appearance of the breach; for, notwithstanding its extent, there was but a single point at which it was possible to enter, and even there only by single files. All the inside of the wall, to the right of the curtain, formed a perpendicular scarp of at least 20 feet to the level of the streets; so that the narrow ridge of the curtain itself, formed by the breaching of its end and front, was the only accessible point.

During a late suspension of the operations of the siege, which had been principally owing to the want of ammunition on the part of the assailants,

the garrison had prepared every means of defence that art could devise; so that great numbers of men were covered by the enemy's intrenchments and traverses in the horn-work, on the ramparts of the curtain, and inside the town opposite the breach, ready to pour a most destructive fire of musquetry on both flanks of the approach to the top of the narrow ridge of the curtain.

The English, however, advanced; and every thing that the greatest coolness, united with the most determined bravery, could attempt, was tried again and again. But, for a time, such was the havoc made by the enemy's fire under such murderous advantages, all was fruitless; not a man, as Sir Thomas Graham forcibly related, outlived the attempt to gain the ridge; and that brave commander at length clearly saw that no secure lodgement could be made, until the storming party should be able to occupy a part of the curtain.

In this almost desperate state of the attack, the resources of the English leader very eminently appeared. After a short consultation with Colonel Dickson, he adopted a plan of a most unprecedented nature, but which evinced at once a genius of very high order, and a dependance upon the coolness and steadiness of the troops, worthy both of him and them; for, as he

himself said, he now *ventured* to order the guns of the besieging batteries to be turned against the curtain where our own troops were actually engaged. Thus a heavy fire of artillery was directed a few feet only over the heads of the assailants in the breach, and "kept up with a precision of practice beyond all example."

Meanwhile, a small breach, to the right of the principal one, was attacked and finally carried, and a detachment occupied the right of the great breach itself: these two operations contributed much to the final success of the assault. While this was going on, Sir Thomas Graham observed the effect of the admirable fire of the batteries against the curtain, although the enemy were so much covered; and a great effort was therefore ordered to be made, at all hazards, to gain the high ridge, at the same time that an attempt should be made to storm the horn-work.

The great effort was successful: the ridge was gained: and the troops on the right of the breach having about the same time succeeded in forcing the barricades on the top of the narrow line wall, found their way into the houses adjoining it. It would have been impossible, had it even been wished, at this triumphant moment, to restrain the impetuosity of the English, urged as it had been into little less than fury by the horrible car-

nage, for more than *two hours*, occasioned them by so desperate a resistance: they now swept like a flood through all the complication of defences prepared by the enemy in the streets, and never stopped their career till every Frenchman was driven for refuge to the castle on the top of the rock.

"The storming of St. Sebastian," says a letter from an officer concerned, which adds some interesting features, "was one of the most glorious and terrific things of the kind that ever occurred. It was accompanied by a dreadful *tempest* of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain; insomuch that, with the storm above, and the storm below, and the fire of the British cannon over the heads of the men in support of the attack, it was impossible for those engaged to hear the word of command. The only direction they could understand was that of following their leaders, who in truth set them a noble example. When entrance into the town was at length forced, new dangers and difficulties were to be encountered and overcome at every step; the enemy having erected traverses in the streets, where they stood and maintained a fire, till they were driven back to fresh defences of the same kind, placed in successive series in the rear, quite up to the works of the castle. But our brave fellows, having once

got into the town, could not be stopped by any thing: they would have walked over fire to come to the bayonet's point with their opponents, and thus they drove them from barrier to barrier, almost as fast as they could march through them if no opposition had been made, till they forced them within the walls of the castle."

The Castle itself surrendered on the 8th day of September, after having occasioned the all but total destruction of the town by a continued fire of shells, which rendered it a scene of desolation and ruin. The Governor had previously adopted the following singular expedient to preserve the only *well* with which his garrison was supplied; he placed his English prisoners around it, in sight of their countrymen, who were thus effectually prevented from attempting its destruction. But on the day above-mentioned, the well-directed fire from a battery constructed purposely to assail him in his last strong hold, compelled him to sue for terms; when the best he could obtain were, that the French troops should be conducted prisoners of war to England. Thus ended this important siege; a siege, in which the party attacked exhausted the whole art of military defence, while the assailants exhibited a heroism, unexampled, it may be, in the history of this species of warfare.

GENEVA.

Approaching the seat of this celebrated though small republic on the Nion side, the traveller will observe, not far from the town, the junction of the little river Arve with the Rhone. And inconsiderable as the former may appear, nature has enriched its twenty hours' course from the glaciers of Savoy, with a succession of enchanting vallies, and given it as attendants some of the noblest mountain ranges which either hemisphere can boast. It is not alone solitary heights which here attract the attention, but one great chain of mountains is the companion of another, and each stands aloof from its neighbour, as distinguished by some peculiar feature of the sublime or picturesque. The vallies are sufficiently extensive to afford ample space for the growth of the most diversified species of vegetation, and the river winds its serpentine way through the midst of their luxuriant verdure. Nature seems, in truth, to have selected this spot for the display both of her proudest grandeur and her most prodigal bounty.

The town suddenly rushes upon the view from behind a kind of promontory. We are led among a number of country seats belonging to the richer

GENEVA.

Engraved by J.W. Cook.

GENEVA.

citizens, and indeed are scarcely aware that we are treading upon their republican territory, when, at once, Geneva in all its extent appears in view, rearing its peopled walls at the point where the Rhone issues out of the lake. This noble stream flows through the town, where it forms an island, which is covered with houses.

Geneva itself, in its interior, presents a most unfavourable contrast to the magnificent spectacle with which nature has encircled its environs. It is a dirty and disjointed place, linked together by lofty and ugly ranges of buildings, and unredeemed by any beauty of architecture or art, with the solitary exception of a fine shady walk, called "the Treille," (forming a prominent feature in our view) which is constructed on the walls of the town, and overlooked by a row of excellent houses on a superb terrace, the residences of some of the principal families. The streets are shabby, ill-built, and ill-paved; and many of them rendered not a little gloomy by frightful projections of the roofs of the houses. This construction prevails principally in the lower town; affording, however, the convenience of shelter in falling weather. Indeed the only pleasing objects within the walls may be said to be the "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone;" whose waters are of so chaste a transparency,

that every object on its bed is distinctly visible even at the depth of twenty feet; and they dart through the town with a swiftness which the eye can scarcely dwell upon. As the waters of the lake precipitate themselves in a torrent through the bridges over the two branches of the Rhone, their colour is a deep ultramarine, which sea or sky rarely or never equal. The room of the author of this description, at his inn, projected on piles into the lake; and he used to hang out of his window on a sunny day, admiring the lovely expanse of the lake, bathing the town, and the green slopes of Savoy and the Pays de Vaud.

The principal church, that of St. Peter, is externally respectable and venerable; but internally it has all the bald, unornamented character of a Calvinistic meeting-house. Bare walls, without pictures, monuments, or an altar-piece; an oak-desk and pulpit, without cushions or drapery, disfigured too by a deal-board, on which the number and page of the psalms for the day are indicated; the naive and aisles filled with uncovered oak benches; these are the objects that most conspicuously meet the eye. Truly, the high place of Calvinistic worship is not unworthy of the unsparing severity of its founder and its dogmas. Its only decoration is a monument to Henry, Duke of Rohan.

On a visit to the Town Hall, we were struck with its staircase, which is without steps, but paved with small flint stones, equally accessible to quadrupeds and bipeds. The college or academy of Geneva, which is free to the citizens, and was founded by Calvin's advice in 1559, possesses six professors, and educates above six hundred youths; and its purposes cannot fail to be much promoted by an excellent public Library, supplied with at least fifty thousand printed books, and two hundred manuscripts. Of these last, the greatest gem is probably twenty-four volumes of Calvin's Sermons and Letters; though the antiquary will perchance give the preference to the manuscript homilies of St. Augustine, written on papyrus, or to a portion of the Diary of Philip the Fair, composed in the fourteenth century, having its type engraven on a species of wax, which forms the coating of six wooden tablets. We cannot conceive either that he will despise an ancient "Codex Terentii," a collection of the Four Evangelists indited in the Ninth Century, or a complete Latin Bible in large folio. Nor will any observant visitor fail to contemplate with attention the portraits of Wickliffe, Calvin, Beza, Farel, Luther, and other cotemporary worthies; men, whose names will ever remain proudly associated with literary recollections, as having redeemed men's

minds, as well as consciences, from the treble thraldom of superstition, imposture, and ignorance. The citizens of Geneva are entitled to borrow books from this library.

As the territory of the Genevese republic is too circumscribed, to produce a sufficient quantity of corn for the wants of nearly thirty thousand souls, public granaries have been erected, which are constantly stored with grain enough for eighteen months' consumption. The only individuals who are compelled to draw their supplies from these granaries, are the bakers, publicans, garrison, and workmen in the town's pay: on an average of years they have rather an advantage over their fellow citizens, as the price they pay includes but a trivial advance upon the prime cost.

The arts and sciences have at all times been ardently cultivated among the Genevese, and even the shopkeeper is anxious that his sons should be Latin scholars, and his wife, that her daughters should be well educated. The Society of Arts does not restrict its usefulness to the general objects of such institutions in other parts, but extends its patronage to the assistance of young persons of talents and intellect, who are not possessed of the means of cultivating them. Among the collections of private individuals, that of M. de Saussure is well worthy inspection, and

in botanical subjects, that of M. de Candole will afford considerable gratification.

It is gratifying to find that the Genevese have followed our example in the establishment of a Savings Bank. This is an institution which may be looked upon as one of the greatest social improvements of the present age; and worthy of the same spirit of benevolence which has conferred on Geneva the benefits of an Orphan Asylum, at this moment feeding, clothing, and educating above thirty destitute children; as well as of an Hospital, which has more than two hundred inmates, and which extends its benefits to the affording not only medical advice, but pecuniary assistance, to a far greater number of patients out of doors.

The state of Geneva does not form a part of the confederate cantons of Switzerland, nor was it acknowledged by its neighbours as an independent republic until the Sardinian recognition in 1754. The legislative power is vested in a general assembly of the citizens, called the Council General; whilst the executive is a magistracy composed of two councils, the council of twenty-five, and the council called that of two hundred, although its absolute number is two hundred and fifty.

Among other excursions from these head quar-

ters, Copet should not be neglected, the residence of the once celebrated Necker, and his highly gifted daughter, the late Madame de Staël. An old acquaintance described the former as a man of apparent coldness and great dignity of manner, though inwardly of a benevolent disposition. He dealt in few words, but those few were worthy of an intellect of no common order. When he spoke of his enemies, and their persecutions, his remarks were excellent, and made in a mild, forbearing, and generous spirit. Warm-heartedness, and intelligence, animated his intercourse with those whom he considered deserving of his esteem.

We cannot here refrain from quoting, for our reader's entertainment, the interesting notices of these two celebrated personages, and more particularly of the latter, given by the intelligent Simond, the author of the so justly esteemed "Switzerland."

"At Copet," says this writer, "we visited a spot, henceforth consecrated, many years the residence of M. Necker and his celebrated daughter: it is become their common tomb. Not to intrude upon the family so soon after their irreparable loss, we merely desired to be permitted to see the grounds, and admired a walk, conducted with much taste along a lively little stream, shaded

with fine old trees of natural growth and forest-like appearance: the rest is nothing.

The death of Madame de Staël seems, for the present, to have disarmed her numerous political enemies; and the tongue of slander is silent. Her warm, generous, forgiving temper; her romantic enthusiasm; her unrivalled powers of conversation; her genius; are alone remembered. The place of this extraordinary woman is marked among the most eloquent writers of any age; among the best delineators of human feelings and passions; among the truest historians of the heart. She might not possess much positive knowledge; sometimes she spoke of things she did not thoroughly understand; her imagination often took the lead of her judgement; but her errors were invariably on the generous side, and still bespoke greatness of mind, and elevated sentiments.

I had seen Madame de Staël a child; and I saw her again on her death-bed. The intermediate years were spent in another hemisphere, as far as possible from the scenes in which she lived. Mixing again, not many months since, with the world in which I am a stranger, and feel I shall remain so, I just saw this celebrated woman, and heard, as it were, her last words, as I had read her works before, uninfluenced by any local

bias. Perhaps the impressions of a man thus dropped from another world into this one, may be deemed something like those of posterity.

The main defect of Madame de Staël's mode of composition, perhaps the only one, is an excessive ambition of eloquence. The mind finds no rest any where; every sentence is replete with meaning, fully freighted with philosophy and with wit, sometimes indeed overladen: no careless expression ever escapes her; no redundancy, amidst so much exuberance: and if you had to make an abstract of what she wrote, although you might wish to render it clearer and simpler, you would scarcely know what to strike off, or how to clothe the thoughts in more compendious language, so harmonious and so strong is hers. Yet she could compose in company, and write while conversing.

Madame de Staël lived for conversation: she was not happy out of a large circle, and a French circle, where she could be heard in her own language to the best advantage. Her extravagant admiration of the Paris society was neither more nor less than genuine admiration of herself; it was the best mirror she could get, and that was all. Ambitious of all sorts of notoriety, she would have given the world to have been born noble and a beauty; yet there was in this ex-

cessive vanity so much honesty and frankness, it was so entirely void of affectation and trick, she made so fair and so irresistible an appeal to your own sense of her worth, that what would have been laughable in any one else, was almost respectable in her. That ambition of eloquence, so conspicuous in her writings, was much less observable in her conversation; there was more *abandon* in what she said, than in what she wrote; while speaking, the spontaneous inspiration was no labour, but all pleasure: conscious of extraordinary powers, she gave herself up to the present enjoyment of the good things, and the deep things, flowing in a full stream from her own well-stored mind and luxuriant fancy. The inspiration was pleasure—the pleasure was inspiration: and without precisely intending it, she was every evening of her life, in a circle of company, the very Corinne she had depicted; although, in her attempts to personify that Corinne in her book, and make her speak in print, she utterly failed, the labour of the pen extinguishing the fancy.

While at Copet, an anecdote told us by an intimate friend of the family (M. de Bonstetten) recurred to me. He was then five and twenty; she a sprightly child five or six years old; and walking about the grounds, as we were then

doing, he was struck with a switch from behind a tree: turning round, he observed the little rogue laughing · *Maman veut*, she called out, *que je me serve de la main gauche, et j'essayois !* She stood in great awe of her mother, and was very familiar with her father, as well as dotingly fond of him. One day, after dinner, as the former rose first and left the room, the little girl, till then on her good behaviour, all at once seizing her napkin, threw it across the table, in a fit of mad spirits, at her father's head; then ran round to him, and, hanging about his neck, allowed him no opportunity for a reproof.

Thirty years after this, and when a competitor for fame with Buonaparte himself in his own capital, he under the terror of her conversation, and she of an exile from Paris, M. Necker used to receive, once or twice a week, long letters from his daughter, (how they were transmitted I omitted to inquire—not by the mail I should suppose), and as regularly committed them to the flames after perusal. M. de Bonstetten, who read all these letters, says they were written with more spirit, ease, eloquence, and acuteness of observation, than any thing of her's ever published; and he regrets, at this day, the excessive caution of her father.

M. Necker was, though no one would have

guessed it from his writings, full of humour, and apt to see things in a ludicrous point of view. He did not hold forth, as Madame de Staël was wont to do; he was even rather silent, but made sly remarks and sharp repartees. He wrote several witty plays, as M. de Bonstetten, who saw them, assured me: but when appointed a minister of state, thinking it against the *bienseance* of the situation to publish any thing but a *compte rendu*, or grave works of morality, and afraid of being drawn into temptation, he burnt his plays."

Another of our excursions from Geneva led us to the castle of Prangin, which lies beyond Nion; and the novelty, no less than the hilarity of the vintage, then in full operation, gave considerable attraction to this detour.

This castle, or more properly château, was formerly inhabited by, and is still the property of Joseph Buonaparte. Its high terraces, and broad front, with wings, give it, at a distance, rather a princely appearance; but, on near inspection, every thing about it appears in very indifferent taste:—rectilinear plantations of cut trees—a formal parterre of gaudy flowers in compartments before the windows—every inch of the ground elsewhere covered with vines, except the *park*, on a low part of the shore, filled with young plantations, which as yet produce no effect. The in-

terior of the mansion is cut up by endless passages, leading to blind rooms. And from what we heard in the neighbourhood, it might be judged that the *morals* of the court of Prangin were not in better taste.

A pedestrian trip from hence to the noble "Mont Blanc," as its description is not properly connected with that of Geneva, can here only be spoken of as calculated to fill the utmost measure of the traveller's expectation, who can scarcely fail to return from it with a more than common admiration of the cheerfulness and kind-heartedness of Nature's industrious child, the Savoyard. Never more sensibly than on this excursion did we experience the advantage of giving way to, nay of forming a sort of alliance with, the local prejudices and customs of every people amongst whom fate or curiosity may cast us!

LAUSANNE.

LAUSANNE.

Let the tourist visit Lausanne from Orbe: he will find it a beautiful drive, and though along roads so narrow that two carriages can scarcely pass abreast, yet through a country of great fertility and delightful scenery, singularly contrasted, as he nears his resting-place, by the towering grandeur of the rugged and purple Alps, now capped by clouds, now glistening in the sunbeams, throughout an unbroken chain of more than thirty leagues.

Lausanne is become the capital of the little republic of the Canton de Vaud, which was, until the revolution, an appendage to Berne; it is an ugly and inconvenient town, for the slopes and acclivities which abound within it, set the use of a carriage almost at defiance. In truth, it is built on three hills, standing rather more than a mile from the shore of the lake of Geneva. There are few places, considered as mere towns, which betray a greater paucity of interest-

ing objects: the cathedral, or church of Notre Dame, is its most striking feature; it is a venerable Gothic edifice, and from its lofty situation commands a fine view of the lake and mountains, which may be enjoyed at ease, thanks to its excellent terrace. The steeple is handsome, but has been twice on fire: a smaller steeple was also set on fire by lightning many years ago, when a singular alternative was resorted to in order to save the main building; a discharge of grape-shot severed the tower below that part which was in flames. The houses themselves are not unsightly: nature, however, has been the great architect in Switzerland; and her hand has raised monuments and piles of such stupendous grandeur, and surpassing loveliness, that the emulate decorations of art are not missed, and could scarcely have enhanced the beauty of her majestic parent.

The Canton de Vaud was annexed to the government of Berne previously to the French revolution. It shook off the aristocratic yoke, with the help of the French, in the year 1798, and is now become an independent state governed by its own citizens and peasants, and having this town for the seat of its administration. A great revolution in property and consequence has taken place, to the depression of the noble familes and gentlemen of the country, and the elevation of

the *bourgeoisie*, and the whole second class, to increased authority and affluence. Feudal rights are for ever abolished. Manors, lordships, titles, seignorial privileges of every kind, are destroyed. These formed a principal source of income to most of the old families, who received an indemnification for their losses in a redemption of those rights, not of the most honourable or equitable kind, by the new government.

The great lion of Lausanne for the sons and daughters of Mr. Bull, is Gibbon's house, to which they invariably pay their dutiful respects. The principal rooms are now used as a counting house : the few trees on the terrace have been cut down, and the grounds below are kept in bad order and planted with shabby fruit trees. We descend to the terrace by a long flight of narrow stone stairs inside the house, as if to a cellar : the terrace itself is a mere slip, seventy or eighty yards long by ten in width, with a low parapet wall towards the prospect. An old fashioned arbour of dwarf beech, at the end of this terrace, encloses the little cabinet, where Gibbon says he wrote the last lines of his " Decline and Fall" ;---it is itself declining and falling into ruin ; in short, every thing has been done to *disenchant* the place. Determined to preserve some memorial of the great Historian, many of the visitors carry away mor-

sels of the earth from the grounds, to the great amusement of the owners.

Every season has its charms; and every country and climate boast their peculiar attractions. Here the traveller sees and partakes of the rich profusion of Nature in these her chosen and her haughty haunts, and yet reverts to recollections of his dear native land with undiminished fervour. As October steals on, her winning hand clothes the surrounding country in so fascinating a garb, that one would almost dream of the autumnal season as the happy bride-groom of these beauteous regions.

An interesting excursion is made from Lausanne to Vevay, a rather pretty little town, in some degree famous for having been the residence of Ludlow, the regicide, during thirty years; and another trip to the Savoy side of the lake. The mountain range which, on this side, rises with greater abruptness from its waters, is almost entirely crested with forests of chesnut-trees, and none but those who have feasted their eyes upon them, can form an adequate conception of their beauty. The thick and exuberant shade which the far-stretching branches of this noble tree afford, and the light, chaste verdure of their foliage, convert in appearance the autumnal into the vernal season.

There is no part of the scenery on this side,

which pleases more than the site of *Meillerie*. It is built up the steep acclivity of a mountain; the shore of the lake forming its base. Arbours hanging over its margin conceal many of the houses; and now a roof or two, and now the steeple of the church, peep through the majestic groupes of chesnut. On the left are precipitous rocks, and to the right ranges an impervious forest. From a break in the rocky ground above the village, is enjoyed a magnificent prospect of the whole lake, the Swiss shore opposite, and the delightful valley at the foot of the Jura.

In the wanderings of the tourist through Lausanne, he must not omit to gain admission to the collection in Natural History of the Baron d'Erlach. And he will be equally delighted with an inspection of the charity school, where the children of the poor are educated and taught the means of their future livelihood, whilst a portion of the same institution is devoted to the support of the aged; all which good is effected by voluntary contributions.

The situation of the town is so beautiful, that he will feel loth to quit it; no one indeed can quit it without increasing regret, as he descends the lovely height on which it stands, towards the shores of the lake. These heights are full of varied beauties. The diversified ranges of moun-

tains, one behind another, on the side of Savoy, present a changing scene at every point; while the rocks in the foreground, varying even more incessantly if possible, recede, step by step, with their towering cliffs, from the delighted eye. Mont Blanc, which is seen from various points in Lausanne, proudly cresting and over-towering its far lowlier neighbours, continued to rise upon us in splendid beauty. Here the astonished eye reposes on the magnificent wonders of nature; then turns to the laughing environs of the shores, their vineyards, forests, peopled hills, and all the smiling beauties of the lake. Bathed by its waters, Morges, Rolle, and Nion, enrich the cheering scene. The traveller, who would contemplate all its picturesque attractions in their fullest and most extensive exuberance, must ascend to the *Signal*, an elevated point behind the town, which is above 1200 feet above the lake.

In the time of the Romans, Lausanne (then *Lousonne*) lay about one mile west of the present town. It was swallowed up, nearly 1300 years back, by a sudden swell of the lake, in consequence of a fall of rocks into it on the Meillerie side, which drove such a volume of waters across the lake, although fourteen miles distant in a straight line, as overwhelmed and destroyed not Lausanne alone, where only four or

five houses remained standing, but all the other towns and villages along the shore. The foundations of buildings, together with medals, and small bronze statues, have often been discovered on the site of the old town.

FLORENCE.

THIS considerable and eminently beautiful city is one of the chief attractions to travellers over the classic regions of Italy. Its population exceeds 70,000 souls, and its walls are six miles in circumference. From the old commercial days of this queen of the Italian republics, when her merchant-princes and their Medicean successors rivalled the glory of the most celebrated states, until our modern era of universal *virtu*, Florence has been visited, admired, and praised, by the curious from every part of Europe, and her architectural ornaments and treasures of art proudly peered with those of Rome herself, the empress of existing taste, as she was the ancient mistress of the nations.

"See Naples, and then die!" exclaims the ardent Neapolitan to approaching strangers:---with at least equal truth may the Florentine adapt the proverb, in describing the attractions of his native city. Seated amidst fields teeming with almost every production of the vegetable world,

Engraved by J. W. Cook.

FLORENCE.

and surrounded by hills clothed with olives and vineyards, and studded with an innumerable host of splendid villas, Florence, and its environs, and indeed the whole Val-d' Arno, of which they form the centre, look like a paradise, guarded from the world by the encircling Appenine. Ariosto said of Florence, that, seeing the hills around so full of palaces, it appeared as though the soil produced them. "And," he added, apostrophising the object of his admiration, "if thy palaces, which are thus dispersed, were concentrated within one wall, *two* Romes could not vie with thee!"

The entrance to this remarkable city, which with the Italians has deservedly acquired the appellation of *La Bella*, through the Porto-San-Gallo, is as striking as characteristically magnificent. The four handsome bridges which cross the river Arno, in its passage through the city, confer upon it a considerable additional ornament: they are the Ponte Rubisone, Ponte Vecchio, Ponte Trinita, and Pont' alla Carraia. The quays are adorned with splendid palaces, and are the *Mall* of the Florentines during winter and the Carnival. Trinity-bridge is a master-piece of elegance and boldness, and one of the most celebrated for beauty in Europe: Ponte Vecchio, or Old Bridge, is a kind of street, covered over,

and containing a number of silversmiths' and jewellers' shops.

The streets of Florence are kept remarkably clean, and one of the most striking features of the city is its pavement: large slabs are laid in elegant arrangement on the ground, and so level and polished are they, that it would be attended with danger to run upon their surface; horses are obliged to be led gently over them.

The grand and peculiar architecture of the palaces, contributes also to give Florence a physiognomy exclusively her own: its character is neither that of modern elegance nor gothic decoration; it is the severe and solemn stile that marked the interval connecting two historic epocha, and which was in itself the æra of the revival of taste. It will even be difficult to relish the architecture of Florence, before the eye is accustomed to serious and heavy buildings, where palaces appear like fortresses, in which every thing has been sacrificed to solidity and strength. The Pallazzo Pitti itself, the residence of the grand Duke of Tuscany, is not free from the defect of appearing by far too like a prison.

This immense structure was raised in 1440, from the designs of Fillippo Brunelleoco; it resembles three vast terraces rising upon each other. The first story was reared by the rich

merchant Strozzi; who, not having the means to continue it, sold the unfinished building to the *Medici*. The collection of pictures here is exquisite: there are also some beautiful specimens of Florentine Mosaics; and the celebrated Venus of Canova is to be seen in this palace, together with many beautiful fresco-painted ceilings. The garden attached to this palace, is one of the most beautiful in Florence; but so formally cut and arranged, that it can never please an English eye. From an observatory here, may be enjoyed one of the loveliest views in Tuscany. There are palaces after palaces besides, which, though not of the magnitude of the Pitti, do not yield to it in beauty, treasures, or grandeur. They are nearly all, however, similar in construction, and appear erected purposely to defy cannon-shot. To all the palace walls huge iron rings are affixed: they were marks of distinction to their owners in the turbulent times of the Florentine republic.

The *Churches* of Florence possess a spell exclusively their own, from their intimate association with the memory of the great men whose ashes they contain. Not a sacred edifice but is ennobled by the tombs of one or more of those immortal men, who diffused the light of literature over the west; not one that does not offer to the eye some illustrious and never dying name.

The Santa Croce, justly considered the Pantheon of Florence, the Westminster Abbey of Tuscany, stands pre-eminent. At the rude doorway of this far-famed temple let the youug student pause! let the Corinna of her day here raise a tearful eye, and invoke the inspiration of the minds that found a resting place for their frail mortal tenements within these walls!—Soft be the tread of vulgar footsteps, for here Alfieri sleeps! the monuments of Michael Angelo, Machiavel, Galileo, and others, succeed each other in overpowering solemnity; and the sacred chant from the mysteriously-curtained choir, awakes and fastens on us feelings suited to the awful spot!

Il Duomo, the cathedral, ranks among the first structures of the kind in the world. It is of immense magnitude; the walls are incrusted with black and white marble; and the floor is paved with beautifully variegated marbles, disposed by the hand of Michael Angelo!

Both without and within, this splendid structure is adorned with statues by the most celebrated sculptors, and its paintings and windows are alike master-pieces of art. But its distinctive beauty, and proudest boast, is the Dome, raised prior to that of St. Peter's at Rome, and nearly equal to it in magnitude. It is in form an

octagon, and measures, from one angle to the other, 140 feet: the interior is painted in fresco, the work of Zuccheri.

The length of this edifice, internally, is 426 feet; its breadth, 303 feet. The campanile, or belfry, is detached from the church, and 280 feet high. It is a light, airy, and elegant tower, cased with rich and variously coloured marbles, and adorned with rich carvings and statues. From its summit is an extensive view. The ascent is by 426 steps.

The Baptistery stands close to the cathedral, and is an octagon structure, cased with polished marble, and renowned for its beautiful bronze doors, so much admired by Michael Angelo that he called them the Gates of Paradise. The ceiling of this beautiful temple is entirely mosaic, and many of the statues that adorn its niches are exquisitely carved.

The church of St. Lorenzo is but a few paces distant from the cathedral, and famous for its beautiful chapel of the Medici. This chapel, though but two thirds finished, for the richness of its jewels, the polish of its marbles, the beauty and splendour of all the materials of its construction, is beyond conception dazzling. It is an octagonal building, supported at the sides by fluted Corinthian pillars of porphyry, whose

bases are inlaid with the arms of the cities subject to the Duke of Tuscany. These arms are exquisitely wrought, in their appropriate colours, with precious stones of surprising brilliancy and beauty. Each compartment of the octagon is occupied by a vast and superb sarcophagus of oriental granite; over which are colossal statues in bronze of the Medici family. Lapis-lazuli, amethysts, cornelian, agate, chrystal, topaz, opal, onyx, jasper, and turquoize, meet the eye on every side.

The church of Santa Maria Novella was highly esteemed by Michael Angelo, nor are there wanting others meriting pages of eulogy; but the limits of this sketch are too circumscribed to admit of their particular description.

The Museum is one of the most instructive and delightful establishments in Florence: it is enriched with almost every thing a cabinet of curiosities can contain, and the arrangement and classification of its contents are beyond all praise. Sixteen halls, and two long galleries, are fitted up with beautiful models in wax of the human body; in which the muscles, blood-vessels, nerves, and arteries, are so finely exhibited, that a student must little require to make disgusting examinations of real *subjects*, in order to attain anatomical knowledge, while he has

these correct models before him. In this immense collection is exhibited, in almost horrible detail, every malady to which the human body is liable, from the moment it enters life until it passes to dust and putrefaction! The gallery of natural history is unrivalled for its arrangements; birds of every clime and colour are presented to us, sitting upon branches of the trees to which they are chiefly attached, with their nests and eggs, and various names, beside them. Then follow apartments assigned for serpents, lizards, &c. preserved in spirits of wine: in a word, every curiosity in the animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds, classed and arranged in the most perfect order, and with the exactest neatness, is exhibited here. A library of fourteen thousand volumes, on subjects connected with science and art, open to the public from the hour of eight each morning; a range of rooms for the professors of Zoölogy and Botany; and a botanical garden arranged according to the classification of Linnæus, add to the varied attractions of this institution. Several professors' chairs are besides established here; and lectures, from which none are excluded, are constantly delivered upon Mineralogy, Botany, Chemistry, and natural Philosophy. To complete this establishment, an Observatory has been recently

erected, and every requisite for studying the wonders of the Heavens provided for the use and participation of the poorest wretch, who seeks for gratification in the improvement of his intellect.

The public Libraries of Florence are open from morning till sunset. Among the most extensive are the Laurentian, founded by the Medici, and containing the MSS. which they had collected in Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Greek, and Sclavonian; the Marucellian, founded by a Roman Prelate, and rich in classics and historical works; and the Magliabecchian, containing many early printed books. The Riccardian library is one of the finest and best stocked in Florence. Every Convent also has its library, possessing more or less valuable books. And, in all the collections, it is to be remarked that the works are nearly universally bound in parchment.

The Theatres of Florence are many, but two only merit observation; the Pergola for Operas, and the Cocomero for Comedy, &c. The interior of the Pergola is spacious and handsome, and the orchestra and stage well conducted. The ballet is, beyond all enduring, bad; the clumsy figuranti throw themselves into the most horrible angles and squares, and their ill made and tarnished dresses make them appear still more gro-

tesque. The music is however exquisite, and the vocal department generally as well filled at this theatre as at any in Italy. The Cocomero is usually full, and is a brilliant and spacious theatre. The Comedies of Goldoni are well performed here; they require no *acting*, but merely clear enunciation and correct emphasis, the only talents Italian actors appear to possess or aspire to. The minor members of the corps-dramatique are chiefly tradesmen, who have a passion for the stage, but no ambition to cultivate it by study: they are contented to recite and rant for a little money, and look for nothing more! During the Carnival, six theatres are opened; but at the Pergola are all the fashionable masks. Here, it is to be feared, every possible species of intrigue is carried on, under the mysterious safeguard of a black domino and mask.

The promenade of carriages stands next in the list of Italian recreations. At Florence it is long, and dazzlingly brilliant. It sets out from the gate of St. Gallo, and traverses the entire city to the Roman gate, in a double, and frequently triple line of open carriages, filled with gay beaux and dark-eyed belles. They loll in these carriages till the theatres open, which almost every inhabitant of the gay world on the continent makes his nightly resort.

The *Gallery* of Florence is so extensive, that it would require volumes to describe it even superficially. It contains halls, and chambers, and passages, and cabinets without number, all stocked with the choicest treasures of the Arts, the ceilings historically painted, and the floors fancifully and beautifully paved. An octagonal hall, of superlative beauty and magnificence, called the Tribune, is supposed to be the receptacle of the most valuable relics of the arts; it is the temple of the celebrated *Venus di Medici*, and here the bending Goddess stands, and claims mute homage from all who approach her. This tribune is farther enriched with the best productions of the finest masters, and is indeed worth the toil of a special pilgrimage in order to be seen. The cabinet of jewels contains chests filled with precious stones, vases of agate and jasper, cups of topaz and turquoize, and pearls and diamonds of unequalled size and water. There is a table in lapis-lazuli, said to have cost 50000 crowns; and in every apartment occurs something more or less valuable, of which every description and catalogue yet produced give a faint and defective account.

The manners of society are so allied to and influenced by climate, that we should wonder to meet, beneath the mild radiance of a Florence

sky, any thing but kind and gentle urbanity · and, in truth, the sweets of unrestrained and unostentatious hospitality may here be enjoyed without alloy. One could almost think the *air* permitted no cold and bitter feelings to lurk in the heart, for in every gradation of society the same smiling interchange of kindness is to be found. The lower classes have a profound deference for their superiors, unmixed with any cringing or interested speculations. The Florentine nobleman, though by no means an undignified character, loves to communicate with his dependants, and to soften with his own fund of natural gaiety their daily labours in his service. Florentine servants, too, are accounted the best in Italy. The ladies of Florence are all animation, affability, and grace; and in a ball-room are at once amiable and indulgent to the most aukward foreigner, teaching him with minute kindness the observance of *usages establis* and *tact-local*.

Improvisatori, or extempore poets, are numerous in Florence, and not unfrequently contribute to the amusement and delight of the drawing-room circle. This art has here attained to a high degree of excellence, and is even become an object of trading speculation: for Bards pace the streets, and address in exaltedly-fanciful effusions every newly arrived foreigner; and the ode, or sonnet,

will be brilliant in proportion to the reward received. The facility of this poetry is derived from the abundance of vowels in the Italian tongue; it is often accompanied with music, which considerably enhances its charms.

The *Cassino* offers one of the most delightful drives in Italy: it is the park of Florence. Here fashion, beauty, talent, wealth, congregate; and groupes the most animated, combine with equipages the most splendid, to give life to and enhance the charms of one of the loveliest landscapes in nature. Here, scarcely less than at their social meetings within doors, the manners of the upper class of Florentines may be studied to advantage. Rank, it is true, is but too monotonously the same all over Europe; yet the naïveté, grace, benevolence, and enthusiasm of the ladies of Florence, may be justly accounted characteristic. Though their minds are too little cultivated, their natural vivacity and acute perception render their conversation unusually pleasing. They are beautiful in person, and tasteful in personal decoration; and when equipped for the promenade, to which they are greatly attached, their at once plain and elegant black silk dresses convey an effect surpassing the most studied labours of the toilette.

The beauty of the provincial, or Tuscan, pea-

sant girls, has been the chosen theme of poetry and painting; and, though much exaggerated, is not quite ideal. They are generally fair and florid, gay, and frequently graceful; with large eyes beaming with modest mirth: but they seldom exceed the middle size, and in form are to a slight degree clumsy. Their invariable head-dress is a round beaver hat, surmounted by a high plume of feathers: their necks are adorned with many rows of pearl or coral, and immense pendants are attached to their ears. To procure this finery, in too frequent instances, they deprive themselves of the necessaries of life. They have generally coloured velvet or satin bodices, and wear large bouquets of beautiful flowers in their bosoms. With all this elaborate adornment, it must be at once conceded, their appearance would rather disappoint than gratify those, who should expect from them an elegant standard dress, whose predominant characteristics should be native grace and rural simplicity. The men of this class are industrious and honest, strong and ruddy, and entirely English-built. Their manners are gentle and kind, their general habits active and innocent. They are the least vitiated, and best educated, common people of Italy, and decidedly the most prosperous and happy.

DRESDEN.

DRESDEN, although inferior in extent to many of the German cities, yields to none of them, and indeed to few European capitals, for beauty of situation, splendid public edifices, or general regularity and nobleness of structure. Its environs present a considerable diversity of feature, and the climate is extremely salubrious. The population may be estimated at 60,000 souls; of whom above 5000 are Roman Catholics.

The bridge over the Elbe, which divides the old and new town of Dresden, has been justly deemed one of the handsomest in Europe; it is 685 paces in length, and 17 in breadth between the ballustrades. As we traverse it from the new town, the catholic church, immediately to the right of the bridge, on the opposite side, has a noble and imposing effect, which may be well imagined from our view. Indeed, it is an edifice of much symmetry and elegance of elevation The Bruhl Terrace, on the left, affords agreeable and diversified prospects.

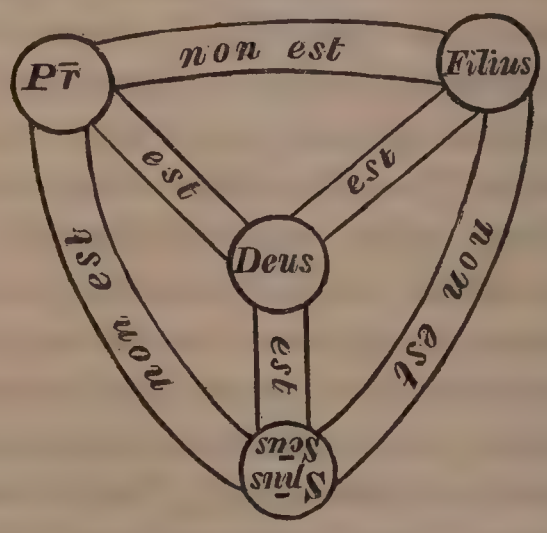
The first visit usually paid by the stranger, is to the celebrated "Green Vault," which contains

DRESDEN.

a noble collection of jewels, precious stones, and other valuable specimens both of art and nature. It is so called from the original repository in which they were collected by the Elector Augustus, and which was at that time, in truth, a green-coloured vault. The present edifice is floored throughout with various kinds of Saxon marble. The collection of cameos and intaglios alone is valued at more than 50,000*l.*; and that of the enamels is scarcely less costly. The oval effigy of Mary Magdalen, which is above a yard and a half in height, is said to be the largest work in enamel that has hitherto been executed. Among the jewels, which are almost countless as the pebbles on the sea-shore, there is a diamond set in the insignia of the Golden Fleece, belonging to the king, which cost above 30,000*l.*; and in the room where we were shewn this rarity, stood a table about an ell broad, and three-quarters of an ell long, on which is modelled the court of the great mogul, who is seated on his throne, receiving the congratulations and gifts of his nobles on his birth-day, attended by his guards, elephants, and all the splendid appendages of an eastern court. The whole is in gold, silver, and enamel, in every part beset with precious stones. This collection occupies seven apart-

ments, and is scarcely inferior to its rival in the "Tribuna" at Florence.

The palace is a handsome structure, and its state apartments richly furnished. Among the old drinking vessels shewn in one of the saloons, is an Icelandic "pocale," or cup, of ivory, or buffalo's horn, ornamented with basso relievos, and designated, by an inscription, as the cup of the Holy Trinity. The Almighty is carved upon it, with a face of three countenances, and having the following symbol in his hand:



The same vessel contains representations of the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, the Last Judgement, and the four Evangelists, with their respective insignia. The general usage of northern nations, in olden times, was to dedicate particular vessels

filled with wine to their idols, and to drink them off, at their banquets and sacrifices, to the health of their deities. This drinking of healths was not abandoned when the Christian religion was introduced; but the names of the three persons of the Trinity, and of certain saints, were substituted for those of Thor, Oden, Freja, and their colleagues.

The celebrated *Picture Gallery*, perhaps the finest in Europe, is naturally the most esteemed feature of the palace: but it has been so often and elaborately described, that to dwell upon it at large, were to shew our own ignorance of those characteristics, which can only receive their befitting illustration from the pen of an experienced connoisseur. No collection can surpass that of Dresden, for variety and excellence. A similar feeling prohibits our dwelling upon the models of the Meleager, Minerva, and other noble statues, which enrich the cabinet of ancient sculpture. Both this and the picture gallery render Dresden an excellent school of arts. The collection of Casts, indeed, which were selected with great care and discernment by Mengs, has justly been called unique in its kind, and is certainly the completest in Europe: it contains not only perfect casts from the finest ancient statues of Rome, Naples, and Florence, but even Spain, France,

and other countries, have been laid under contribution to add to its perfection. The hall in which they are exhibited, affords in one coup d'œil an assemblage of the noblest and most perfect remains of antique sculpture, which have survived the relentless hand of time. The idea of such a collection could have proceeded from none but an elevated mind; and the regale which it affords to the eye of taste is such as no other enjoyment can surpass. The whole are in excellent preservation, and altogether worthy of the care, expense, and science, which were devoted to their collection.

The traveller will be abundantly amused and delighted with the noble collection of medals, antiquities, minerals, &c. which enrich the saloon in the "*Zwinger Garten;*" and not less so with its library, and choice assemblage of mathematical and scientific instruments and curiosities. Amongst these, is a model of the Temple of Solomon, thirteen feet in height, and eighty in circumference. The collection of marbles and sculptures will be much prized, even by those who have explored the treasures of more southern regions.

The next trip is to the *Japanese Palace*, formerly the residence of the Counts de Flemming, which contains an unequalled collection of specimens of

every kind of china ware, both of domestic and foreign manufacture. The articles belonging to the *culinary art* alone, are estimated at more than 100,000*l.* sterling. In one of the upper rooms are forty-eight vessels of white and blue china, which one of the Electors of Saxony purchased of a Prussian monarch in exchange for a regiment of dragoons. The manufacture of common china ware is carried on in the neighbourhood; but the finer and more costly kind is wrought in the castle of Miessen, which lies on the Elbe, about ten miles distant from this place. One of the most uncommon features in the collection at the Japanese Palace, is a representation of animals and birds in porcelain, which are displayed in their natural colours and sizes: in order to render this singular menagerie completely unique, the moulds in which they were modelled have been carefully destroyed. The court-yards, the basins in the gardens, and in short every part of the palace, both internal and external, are profusely enriched with china and marble work.

We shall scarcely venture a remark upon the singularly fantastic taste, which has converted the *Turkish Palace* into a curious caravansera of Eastern gewgaws. The most interesting part of these, consists in the representations of the customs of the Turks in their seraglios, baths,

dresses, &c. In short, the whole of the furniture of the apartments is either in the Turkish or Persian fashion. It would not be unacceptable to the amateurs of tobacco fumes, were some ingenious mechanic in England to set up a manufacture of an apparatus for the inhaling of smoke, similar to a contrivance to be seen here; which has placed the head or magazine of a proportionably long pipe on two small wheels, by means of which the said amateurs may enjoy their puffs without the inconvenience of having a single finger engaged in preserving the oblique upright of their machine.

What is called the "*Herzogin Garten,*" (Garden of the Duchess) we will also venture to say, will amply reward the pains of visiting its superb display of laurel and orange, coffee and tulip trees, &c. &c.

There are two Theatres in Dresden, which do not call for particular notice. The inhabitants, generally speaking, are prosperous, and civil to foreigners, who may live here, with comfort, at a moderate expense. Painters, and other artists, it has been hinted, may study to great advantage in this city, not only on account of the precious works of art which are submitted to public notice, but likewise because there reigns throughout the place a tranquillity peculiarly favourable to the

pursuits of the studious. Lutheranism is the established religion of the country, but the Calvinists have public meeting-houses, and the sovereign attends the Romish Church, (celebrated for its fine organ, and picture of the Ascension by Mengs) he and his family being Roman Catholics. The distance from Vienna is about 450 English miles.

A NEW TALE OF TEMPER.

By Mrs. Opie.

"Well, my dear friend," said George Mowbray to Mrs Sullivan, "I hope you will be satisfied now, for I have serious thoughts of marrying." "I shall not only be satisfied, but delighted," she replied, "if you make a choice worthy of you."

George Mowbray was an orphan who had inherited a large fortune from honorable ancestors, and in him, as he had neither brother nor sister, was centered all the accumulated wealth of his family. He had no vices; some virtues and talents; some learning; a great deal of taste; and a love for travelling and wandering about, which had led him to remain single till nine and twenty, spite of the earnest advice of Mrs. Sullivan, though her influence over Mowbray's mind was unquestionably great.

Mrs. Sullivan had been left a widow early in life, but had never formed a second connection;

and had passed the greatest part of her time with Mowbray's widowed mother, till that lady died. She had therefore been very early interested in the fate of George Mowbray: and her sweetness of temper, her amusing talents, and the superiority of her understanding, made her society a constant source of benefit and pleasure to him, when, on Mrs. Mowbray's death, she took up her abode in the village adjoining Mowbray's estate.

Indeed, the tie was perfect which subsisted between them. Perhaps there is no friendship so entire, and so little likely to be injured by the usual accidents of life, as that which subsists between two persons of different sexes, where the difference of age, and other circumstances, make a tenderer attachment improbable, and marriage impossible. There can be no competition, no rivalship, between friends of different sexes. They can rejoice cordially in each other's welfare, and sincerely mourn over each other's adversity; and, with all its advantages, such was the friendship of Mrs. Sullivan and George Mowbray.

To her he imparted all his pleasures and his pains, his hopes and his fears; but hitherto they had not been those of a progressive attachment: now, however, to her great joy, there seemed a prospect of his having much to communicate; and she eagerly exclaimed, "Well, George, go on!

is the wife found, or have you only resolved to look about for one?"

"She is found; and I verily believe I am now, for the first time in my life, really in love."—"I am glad of it; but who is the lady?"

"Do you not remember saying to me, as we were walking one evening at Tunbridge Wells, Look, George! what a beautiful girl that is?" "I do," replied Mrs. Sullivan gravely. "So, then, it is Miss Apsley whom you have chosen for your wife." "It is that identical beauty, whom your good taste pointed out to me. While you were in London, her father, who has retired from business, hired that pretty house across the common which you admire so much."---"Indeed! Did you become acquainted with the family before he hired it?" "Yes, after you left the Wells, I was introduced to them; therefore, as soon as they came hither, I called on them" "No doubt." "And I soon found that I was almost in love." "Then it is still only *almost* in love?" "I am too old to love without some discretion, and I have taken care to be very *guarded* in my advances, as I wish to know something of the young lady's disposition and temper before I come forward as a lover."

"Very—wise but how are you to acquire this knowledge?" "I shall be observant and watchful

myself, and you perhaps will assist me with your penetration." "But the real temper of man or woman can be found out entirely, only by living in the same house, or going a journey with the object of one's solicitude." "True—but, where there is a family, I think it can be discovered by tell-tale looks at each other, sudden sharpnesses of tone, and brusqueries of manner." "Perhaps so—and has Miss Apsley brothers and sisters?" "One brother, and two sisters." "Well, all I request is, that you will not let love throw prudence off her guard. We are agreed, that good temper is the most necessary quality in marriage—not for itself alone; but because it implies other good things in its possessor, namely, piety and good sense—as, without these, there can be no self-government, consequently, no good temper." "Yes—such is my opinion—and thence my projected caution."—"Which will be perhaps peculiarly necessary *here*." "Why that emphasis on here, my dear friend?"—"Because I once saw Miss Apsley in a milliner's shop with her mother, and when the latter contradicted her she had a suspicious nip of the brow, and answered in a sharp tone of voice."—"Impossible!—her brows are light—If they had been *black*, indeed!" And as to her voice, her mother is so *deaf*, that she was forced to speak *loud*, and you mistook

loudness for sharpness."—"But the *milliner* was not deaf—and she spoke to her in the same manner, till she saw me, and then her voice became soft and pleasing again."

"I am sorry," said Mowbray, rather pettishly, "that you are so prepossessed *against* Miss Apsley."—"Nay, there you are unjust—I know that a hasty judgement is likely to be an erroneous one, I have therefore no faith in mine."—"But will you call on the Apsleys?"—"Certainly, it is a duty which I owe you."—"It will be a benefit conferred on me, as I think highly of your penetration, you know; and as the day is fine, suppose we go now?"

They did go, but the family were out. The next day the call was returned—and so sweet was Miss Apsley's voice, so unruffled her brow, that Mrs. Sullivan was almost convinced she had judged her harshly. In the evening, Mowbray came to say, that, though she never went to evening parties, or any parties, he hoped she would accompany him the next day to tea at Mrs. Apsley's. "There will be (said he) no company—no cards—only a little family music, which you, I know, will like."—"Oh yes,"—replied Mrs. Sullivan; "I will certainly go—as I am impatient to become acquainted with the fair Lavinia." Mowbray's park joined Mr. Apsley's garden; and, having

borrowed the key of the garden door, he conducted Mrs. Sullivan that way to the house. As the evening was fine, and the French windows of the drawing room, which opened on the lawn, were thrown open, the senses of the visitors, as they drew near, were regaled by the perfumes from a conservatory into which the sitting room opened, and their ears by a glee sweetly sung by the young members of the family. While, ever and anon, the pauses in the singing were filled with expressions of admiration from the parents; and dear Mamma, dear Papa, darling John, dearest Julia, sweet Lavinia, words of affectionate import, met the ears of the involuntary, and, as *they believed*, unobserved listeners. "This is, indeed, *family harmony* in more senses than one," said Mrs. Sullivan as she entered the house, while George replied by a smile of sweet delight.

Every thing which Mrs. Sullivan saw, and heard during the evening, accorded with this favourable impression. Still, she could not help remembering that there are such things as company-looks, tones, and manners, as well as dress. Mrs. Apsley was deaf, as Mowbray had observed; and it seemed an habitual duty with Lavinia, to repeat to her dear Mamma all that was said which was worth notice. Her dear Papa was gouty and lame, and her arm was kindly offered to him on all occa-

sions—while her eye was attentive to all his wants. Her tones to her brothers and sisters were the essence of sweetness—and she seemed desirous of bringing forward into notice an ill-dressed, timid girl, with a pale cheek and downcast eye, whose name had been muttered, rather than pronounced, by Mrs Apsley, when Mrs. Sullivan entered, and who was, she concluded, *a nobody*—a dependant on the family. It seemed therefore an amiable trait in Lavinia to notice her, and Mrs. Sullivan's kind heart made her eager to notice her herself. Nor could she help being much pleased with this nobody, whose name was Mary Medway; for the pale cheek could, she found, be crimsoned by sensibility, and the downcast eye could light up with intelligence. That eye had also an expression which is touching and interesting in a person of any age, but particularly so in the young, from the contrast it forms with youthful hopes. For either eye had an expression of *resignation:* it seemed to say, that the hopes of her youth had been prematurely blighted; that she had suffered, still suffered, and was content to suffer. But Mrs. Sullivan came to admire Lavinia; she therefore tried to give *her* her undivided attention.

After tea, the brother and sister sung glees; then Lavinia sung alone, accompanying herself on the harp. While Mowbray hung over her

enamoured, Mary Medway meanwhile took her work, and retired to a corner, as if unable to bear a part in the concert. "Do you not sing, Miss Medway?" said Mrs. Sullivan. "Oh, no, Madam," was the reply, "that is, I do not sing well enough to sing in company."—"No, no," cried Mr. Apsley, "Mary is no singer."—"Is she not?" replied John, with a tone of peculiar meaning; "but how do you know, sir? I am sure you never heard her." Mrs. Sullivan thought, as John said this, that Lavinia looked at her brother with that nip of the brow and flashing eye, which she had observed in the shop; but then it might be meant to reprove the disrespectful tone in which he addressed his father; and as she called him, soon after, "dearest John," and told him he should not make Mary blush by talking of her singing, she supposed she was unjust.

It was late before they took leave; and as they went home, she gladdened the heart of her friend, by telling him, that she really thought he might allow himself to love Lavinia, but that he need not be in a hurry to propose to her. "Why not? I have no doubt that she always is such as you now see her, gentle and affectionate to her parents, and the rest of the family, and that she will be such a wife!"—"Perhaps so; but becoming manners are sometimes put on with becoming

dress—and—did you see the look she gave her brother, when he insinuated that Miss Medway could sing?"—"Yes."—"Was it not a vixenish look?"—"No, it was a justly reproving one; for it seemed as if he was laughing at the poor girl: she can't sing, and he ought not to laugh at a girl in her situation."

"A-propos—who is Miss Medway?"—"An orphan, and distant relation of the family, whom they have taken in on charity. She was born an heiress, but speculation ruined her father, and he died in a jail."—"Poor thing!" replied Mrs. Sullivan, adding, after a pause, "I hope they are kind to her!"—"Can you doubt it?" answered Mowbray rather pettishly; "but perhaps you do, as you could fancy Lavinia's look vixenish, and that she has a suspicious nip of the brow."—"I must own, spite of your frowns, that I see it still, and that doubts of her temper still cling to me."

"Surprising! light brows and eyes are commonly thought to give an expression of good humour; had she dark hair and eyes, like Miss Medway, then you might distrust her."—"Pardon me, but had her eyes been like her cousin's, I should have had no distrust, for a milder, sweeter eye than Miss Medway's, I never parleyed with: I like that girl, she interests me excessively."—"What! that dowdy thing! you surprise

me!"—"She is dowdily dressed, but no dowdy."—"May be so, but really I have scarcely looked at her, and I wonder you could, as you have such an eye for beauty and grace."—"I have an eye for expression also, and hers pleases me."—Mowbray was really piqued, and provoked, at this avowal; and as there is no one so apt to be unjust as a man in love, except it be a *woman* in the same situation, he suspected his dear friend was hurt at his having formed an attachment, and was averse, spite of her professed disinterestedness, at his being devoted to any other woman than herself; but the next moment he was ashamed of so unworthy a suspicion. However, he was glad that it was too late for him to continue the conversation, and he eagerly bade her good night. It was not long before the Apsleys were invited to return the visit, but Miss Medway did not come with them, though Mrs. Sullivan expressly invited her; but she had a head ache, they said, and could not come out. "What are you so loudly regretting?" said Mowbray to Mrs. Sullivan. "Miss Medway's absence, and her being too unwell to favour me with her company." On hearing this, Mowbray abruptly turned away, almost articulating, "Pshaw!" But Mrs. Sullivan did not observe him. She was taken up in reflecting on the peculiar expression with

which John Apsley regarded Lavinia, while she was expressing her regrets. It was a look full of malicious meaning, and, she thought, of triumph also. There was a *dessine des cartes* which she did not understand, and it made her thoughtful. But Mowbray had no eyes or ears for any thing but Lavinia; and when Mrs. Sullivan looked at her, and listened to her, she did not wonder at his infatuation.

During a whole month this visiting intercourse continued. The Apsleys knew that it was paying court to Mowbray, to shew great attention to his maternal friend, and Lavinia lost no opportunity of endeavouring to win her good opinion. But increased association with this family did not give rise to increased confidence in Mrs. Sullivan's mind; and, though she knew not exactly why, the pale, dowdy, dependant girl, and the abrupt John, were the only persons who seemed to her natural characters. She, therefore, exerted all her influence over Mowbray, to prevail on him to delay his offer awhile longer. To this he most reluctantly consented, and not without having fixed a day, at a fortnight's distance, for making his proposals: which day was rapidly approaching, when the Apsleys requested Mrs. Sullivan and Mowbray to dine with them, to partake of some fine moor-game.

That day Lavinia was more than usually gay and beautiful, her mother more than usually deaf, her father more than usually lame, and her filial attentions more valued, and more marked. Mary Medway did not dine at home, but she returned in the evening, and in evident dejection. "Is she come? "said John, kindly, to her in a low voice—"Oh! yes, but she would not let me stay with her."—"I like her for that: I can't bear that you should run the risk of making yourself ill, Mary." Mrs. Sullivan's eye now turned on Mary with an expression of benevolent approbation, and she wished to hear more of the conversation; but Lavinia came between her and them, and, coaxing Mary's hair affectionately, and kissing her forehead, she called her "dear girl," with a degree of kind interest, which gave a favourable impression of her heart to Mrs. Sullivan, and made her ashamed of not loving her more than she did.

Mowbray now requested Lavinia to sing to the harp, and, while she was tuning her instrument, he stood lost in admiration of the beauty of her shoulders, and the back of her neck and head, as she bent over the strings.—At this moment John ran against the harp; and as Mary, who was passing, suddenly started back, to avoid John's treading on her foot, her work basket caught a part of Lavinia's dress of French work, and tore it.

Lavinia's first impulse was evidently to give way to violent reproach against the carelessness of both; but she made an effort, and, forcing a laugh, cried "Careless brother! but I forgive you!" while her faultering tone, and the crimson which spread itself over her back, convinced Mrs. Sullivan that she was in a passion, though she could not see her face. "And mistress of herself, though her dress is torn!" cried Mowbray, rather *mal à-propos*, as his friend thought; but Lavinia smiled sweetly on him, and the flush of anger was mistaken by him for that of emotion at his praise. He might have been undeceived, however, if love had not blinded him; for as a pet dog jumped upon her, while she was preluding, Lavinia vented her concealed rage by giving it a blow, which sent it crying away. "Poor, little dear! I had no intention of hurting it," said she, alarmed at what she had done, "but that dog cries at a touch."—"Any dog would cry out at such a touch as that," cried John, surlily. "You are always so cross to your sister, John," said the father. "She is always cross to him," said one of the younger girls, loud enough for her mother to hear. "How can you say so," said she, "but you always take John's part, Laura, and never do Lavinia justice."—"O yes, sometimes she does indeed, mamma," said Lavinia,

"though I own I am jealous of her love for John. Come, thou cross darling! come, and sing a duet with me!" and Laura, in whose ear her mother whispered, smiled on her sister, returned her offered kiss, and sung as she was bidden. "How amiable, and how forbearing!" thought Mowbray, "was Lavinia's behaviour! and how I dislike that John's unkindness to her!" Mrs. Sullivan thought differently, and sighed when she recollected that, in a few hours more, perhaps, the offer would be made, and Mowbray's fate fixed.

As the evening was warm, and the moon shone very bright, Mrs. Sullivan and Mowbray walked home. "To what advantage Lavinia appeared this evening!" said Mowbray; "I hope you are convinced her temper is excellent now!"—"My dear George," she replied, "I never before was so convinced of the contrary!"—"Impossible! well, then, you are not the candid, kind creature that I once thought you." At this moment Mrs. Sullivan missed her bracelet, the gift of Mrs. Mowbray, and declared she must go back, for, no doubt, she had dropped it on the path, as she had, she believed, seen it on her wrist when she left the house. "Let me go back alone," said Mowbray; but she would not consent to it, as she could not be easy without seeking herself for a

jewel so dear to her. Accordingly they slowly returned, searching for the bracelet at every step—but they had already reached Mr. Apsley's lawn without finding it, when they stopped at the sound of male and female voices in loud altercation. "What noise is that?" said Mrs. Sullivan. "I cannot tell," replied Mowbray hastily, "but you had better stop here, and I will go and look for the bracelet."—"No, I chuse to go myself;" she replied, grasping his arm to prevent him from hastening on. By this means she ensured a continuance of their incognito, and thence she also hoped to ensure the detection of Lavinia's real disposition, for she was certain that she heard her voice the shrillest and loudest amongst them. She also heard epithets of an offensive nature applied by John to Lavinia, to which she replied in terms equally offensive, while the father tried to sooth, and the mother was sobbing hysterically.

"Surely we had better go back," said Mowbray, in a dejected tone, "we are stealing unhandsomely on their privacy."—"On, by all means," his friend replied, "for perhaps on this moment the happiness of your future life depends." So saying, she hastened forward; then, suddenly turning, she and her companion stood in front of the open French windows. There,

what a scene presented itself! Mary Medway, with a countenance of mild distress, stood between John and Lavinia, trying to keep Lavinia from striking her brother, while the florid face of the former was pale, and every fine feature distorted with passion. "Hear me, Lavinia," sobbed out the mother.—"Rather hear *me*," she replied, stamping with anger, "for I know you can hear very well when you choose."—"Hold your taunting tongue, you abominable vixen!" cried the justly incensed father, seizing her arm as he hobbled forward; but with her elbow she pushed him from her, regardless of his lameness, and he nearly fell on the ground. At this instant the angry group turned, and beheld Mrs. Sullivan and Mowbray gazing on them in speechless and motionless surprise. In a moment the clamour was hushed—the lifted arm of Lavinia sunk by her side; and all, save the angry John and Mary Medway, fell back, consternated and ashamed.

"We beg pardon," said Mrs. Sullivan, coldly, "for intruding thus unexpectedly upon you, but I have dropped a most dear bracelet."—"I think, Mrs. Sullivan," said John, with a sarcastic smile, "that you complimented us when you first honored us with a visit on our *family harmony*. Pray what do you think of it now? There's a vixen for you!" pointing to Lavinia. "The man who marries you, Miss Apsley, will have, as Benedict

says, a predestinate scratched face. I must wear a wig, for such pulls of the hair as you give are by no means pleasant."

Lavinia looked as if she had a mind to reiterate the said pulls, but she only burst into tears of rage and mortification, for she saw that Mowbray's eyes were averted from her, as if with disgust, and feared that she could never regain his good opinion. But her mother, by a white lie, tried to exculpate her in part. She said, "that though Lavinia was rather hasty, she had a fine temper, and that John was monstrously provoking, always defending Mary Medway, and setting her up as a paragon. "And so she is," vociferated John, "when did you ever see her in a passion? and when taunted and tyrannized over, does she *ever* reply? When you made her give up going to Mrs. Sullivan's, because you wanted her to finish a gown for Lavinia, did she express one regret, though you know she had reckoned on going? Answer me that!" But his mother spoke not, for the unexpected truth filled her with consternation.—"And now," continued he, "when the poor thing has been acting a child's part by her dying nurse, and is tired to death, it was cruel in Lavinia to abuse her as she did for tearing her gown."—"I did not abuse, I only said she was awkward," replied Lavinia, sobbing.

"And why did you say that, when you know that she offered to sit up all night to mend it?" "Dear John, pray say no more," said Mary, gently. "But I will speak, I will not sit tamely by and see you insulted, Mary—you, who never speak a harsh word yourself."—"You forget who are present," she answered, in a low voice. "No, I do not; I love the *truth*, and hate *disguise*; I should not like to be imposed upon myself!" he added, looking with great meaning at Mowbray.

"I have found the bracelet!" exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan, joyfully, who, with one of the younger girls, had been looking for it all this time, but listening carefully to every word that passed; then, with renewed apologies, she shook Mary kindly by the hand, slightly bowed to the rest, and taking the arm of the confused and bewildered Mowbray, led him in silence away.

In silence too he continued to walk, but deep-drawn sighs declared only too plainly the mortification and disappointment which he experienced. Mrs. Sullivan was too wise to make any comments. Had she made any severe remarks on Lavinia's conduct, she knew it would only provoke Mowbray to defend her, and for her to say any thing in palliation of it was impossible. "Will you not walk in?" said she to Mowbray,

when they reached the door; but he refused, and went home to a sleepless and wretched pillow.

"Poor fellow!" thought Mrs. Sullivan. "He will not sleep to-night; but the wakeful misery of this night will, I trust, prevent that of many future ones; for happy, indeed, is that man, who, at whatever cost of present peace, escapes the wretchedness of a woman who possesses no control over her temper, and is that formidable person yclept a vixen!"

The next morning, but not early, Mowbray called on Mrs. Sullivan, who delicately forbore to speak to him concerning the event of the preceding evening, anxiously expecting, however, that he would name it to her. Nor was she disappointed. After making a considerable effort, he complimented her on her superior penetration into character, owned that he was now convinced Miss Apsley was not a woman with whom he could be happy, and thanked her heartily for having prevailed on him to defer his intended proposals. "Then you are resolved not to proceed in your addresses."—"To be sure; could you doubt what my resolve would be?"—"I could not tell, but I rejoice to find you so reasonable: but what will you do? gradually, or at *once* discontinue your visits?"—"I mean to go *abroad*.

Vixen and actress as she is, (for I am sure you think as I now do, that her filial attentions are assumed) she is too handsome and too charming for me to trust myself near her as yet; therefore I mean to set off directly."—"A wise determination, indeed, and I shall be disinterested enough to rejoice in an absence which is so much for your good. Poor Mary Medway! what a life that sweet amiable girl must lead!"—"Pray, pray do not name her to me. She was the cause, you find, of all this misery."—"This happiness, you mean, ungrateful man! and you have reason to bless her."—"May be so; but my associations with her name are at present disagreeable ones. Farewell! my dear friend. When we meet again, I trust that I shall have come to my senses. Till then, all good be with you!"—"Shall you not call to take leave of the Apsleys?"—"Yes, for I saw them all drive out just now, so I shall, for form's sake, leave my card.—Once more, farewell!"

Like all men and women in love, Mowbray found that distance and absence from the object of attachment, does not at first weaken its power—and he was often on the point of coming back to England, in the hope that Lavinia returned his passion sufficiently to be induced to conquer her temper, now that she must be convinced the indulgence of it had lost her a lover whom she

prized. But then he fortunately recollected, that the habit of giving way to it, was a habit of a much longer standing than that of caring for him; and that when he was her husband, the restraint would doubtless be again thrown off, even if it were ever assumed in reality—for was she not an actress? a being, who, for the purposes of pleasing, could assume the virtues which she had not?

The result of these cogitations was salutary—for it kept him abroad. In the mean while, Mrs. Sullivan had some difficulty in breaking off her intercourse with the Apsleys, whom she had made an acquaintance with only from necessity, and whom she now wished to drop from inclination. They were not willing to give up her society, though Lavinia evidently was never at ease in her presence, because they still hoped to receive Mowbray as a guest again; but as he did not return, and Mrs. Sullivan never accepted their invitations, they quitted their house when their short lease of it expired, and went to another part of the kingdom.

Mrs. Sullivan would fain have become more acquainted, had it been possible, with Mary Medway; but this she could not do without passing an obvious affront on the Apsleys; and when that family left the village, she regretted her inability to take a particular leave of her.

It was, therefore, an agreeable surprise to her to meet Miss Medway, not long after, in one of her evening walks. The poor thing was even worse dressed than usual, looked dejected, and had a vial of physic in her hand.

She did not seem desirous of being known by Mrs. Sullivan; but that lady impulsively stopped her, and expressing her joyful surprize at seeing her, requested to know whether she had left Mr. Apsley's family.

She owned, with blushes and confusion, that she had done so, and was living at the cottage of her old nurse, who was, she feared, dying.—"But when she is dead, or better, you return to them, I conclude."—"No—never—I can never return to them," was the agitated answer. "I am going home; will you accompany me," said Mrs. Sullivan, kindly. "Not now; I must hasten back with this medicine."—"But may I accompany you?—I pique myself on my medical knowledge."—"But the cottage is such a poor place for you."—"Yet you inhabit it; and to enter it may be salutary to me."

Mary, seeing Mrs. Sullivan was determined, led the way. The cottage was, indeed, the abode of poverty, but of neatness almost approaching to comfort; and her visit to it was the means of great enjoyment to Mrs. Sullivan, for she saw

there suffering and want, which she had the means of alleviating and removing; and she had the pleasure of hearing from the lips of the dying woman, such a character of her youthful nurse, such an account of the self-denial and self-sacrifice of her dear young lady, and child, as she called her, as more than justified the early impression which she had received in her favor.

To be brief, the poor woman died; and Mary Medway, as she threw herself into Mrs. Sullivan's arms when she came to her on hearing of her loss, exclaimed, in the bitterness of her heart, "Now then, I am indeed alone in the world!"—"And so am I nearly, as my adopted son is abroad!" was the kind reply: "therefore what can two lonely persons do better than live together, at least for a time?"

The heart of the poor orphan gave ready assent to this proposal—"but," she replied, "you do not yet know why I was forced to leave the Apsleys."—"Nor will I, till you are my guest, for I wish to convince you that I confide in you, and do not believe that you left them for any unworthy reason."

Mary, however, insisted on being allowed to tell her story very soon after she became Mrs. Sullivan's companion. She informed her new friend, that, on finding John Apsley was seriously

attached to her, and had offered her marriage, his parents had made her quit the house at a moment's warning; and that she had taken refuge at her nurse's. That she had vainly declared no power on earth would ever induce her to marry him—that he had disregarded her assurances, and had all of them, John excepted, sent her forth with great indignity.—"Have you seen John since?" said Mrs Sullivan. "No—I refused to see him: I should have done so, I trust, on principle, even if I had returned his love."—"And did you not?" "No—I esteem him because he has good qualities, and was always kind to me—but I could not love him—and when I had an opportunity of contrasting him with other men—that is, I mean, with another man," she added, deeply blushing, "I felt I never could love him under any circumstances." "I own, my adopted son, if you mean him," said Mrs. Sullivan, "is very superior to John Apsley." "He is, indeed!" answered Mary, "and I pity poor Lavinia! but perhaps he may one day return, and marry her."—"Never—never!" was the energetic reply. "Oh! I am so glad," exclaimed the artless girl—"for his sake, I mean!"

Mary Medway had very little fortune remaining when her father's debts were paid, and the greater part of the income of it she had allowed to her bed-ridden nurse; what she retained of it, was

just sufficient to keep her in clothes during her abode with the Apsleys:—she earned her board and lodging while there, by teaching the younger girls French, and flower-painting.

"You shall earn both with me also," said Mrs. Sullivan, on hearing these details. "I will not allow you to be idle. You shall spare my eyes by reading to me; you shall write my business letters, and keep my accounts. Do you consent to live with me on such terms?"—"Oh! most willingly," was the delighted answer.

This arrangement was productive of mutual comfort and benefit.

Mrs. Sullivan soon found that Mary united to unruffled sweetness of temper, and a total forgetfulness of self in little as well as in great things, considerable powers of mind, and feminine accomplishments.

She also discovered that her voice was not inferior to Miss Apsley's, but she had not been well taught; therefore, as Mrs. Sullivan understood singing, though she had ceased to sing, she took great pleasure in instructing her; and was rewarded by her evident progress.

When the Apsleys heard where Mary now resided, they wrote most kindly to her, requesting her to return to them; informing her at the same time, that John was gone into business at Liver-

pool. But Mrs. Sullivan declared that she could not part with her; and Mary was very glad to stay where she was.

After a six months' absence, during which Mrs. Sullivan informed him that she had procured the most amiable and intellectual of companions, Mowbray returned, quite cured of his passion; and his friend welcomed him with the greatest joy.

Mrs. Sullivan was walking on the lawn before her house when he arrived; and, after taking two or three turns together, they went in. The door of the inner apartment was open; and Mary, unconscious that any one heard her, was singing in her best manner. Mowbray stopped, and listened in delightful surprise.—"Who is this charming singer?" whispered he, when she ceased.—"My companion—shall I introduce you?" "By all means"—and, to his astonishment, he beheld that "*dowdy girl*," Mary Medway! But he could think her so no longer. Health bloomed on her round cheek, and her dark eye sparkled with happiness! And she could sing too, as well as Lavinia! Surely, then, it was jealousy that had led the Apsleys to conceal their knowledge of her musical powers! Another proof how fortunate he had been in escaping from Lavinia's chains. And Mary was the original cause of that escape.—

Now, then, though not before, he felt that he could be "grateful to her;" and his "*associations with her name*" ceased to be "*disagreeable.*"

Mrs. Sullivan informed him, during the course of the day, while Mary was out of the room, that she had, though with some difficulty, drawn from her companion such accounts of Lavinia's bad temper, and of the daily domestic bickerings of the family, spite of their seeming affection before company, as had filled her with abundant thankfulness to heaven for his escape. "But I find that they are all spoiled children," she added; "therefore objects of the greatest pity. My dear George, remember, when you are a father, that the best lesson that a parent can inculcate in a child, is that of obedience; and that the best acquirement is a submitted will. It was according to this wise and pious plan, that Mary Medway was educated, and her conduct exemplifies its fruits. She was first taught submission to the will of her Creator, and next to that of her parents, as a duty enjoined by Him. Hence was she enabled to bear the loss of her fortune with cheerful resignation, and to endure the petty tyranny of the Apsleys with patient forbearance."

It was not long before Mowbray began to think, as Mrs. Sullivan hoped he might do, that a girl

so educated must make a good wife. He also fancied it would be an advantage to marry this young and tender hearted being, who had none but distant relations; and who, if he could gain her heart, would love him not only ardently, but exclusively.

In short, with the entire approbation of his maternal friend, he wooed her interesting companion; and made her, after a short courtship, his wife.

"I wonder which of you will govern," and Mrs. Sullivan, smiling, while they were eating their wedding breakfast with her.

"Not I," said Mary, "for to obey will ever be my pleasure."

"Still," replied Mowbray, "I suspect that to govern would be your right, inasmuch as I doubt not but your will is a more submitted one than mine; and, (as our dear Mrs. Sullivan has often said) those only are fit to govern others, who have proved, on all occasions, that they are capable of governing themselves."

NARRATIVE

OF AN ASCENT TO THE

SUMMIT OF THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE,

PERFORMED IN JUNE, 1823.

MY DEAR C——,

In my last I mentioned that Mr. B—— and myself had formed the resolution of attempting to reach the summit of the Peak, but that we were persuaded of its impracticability at the present period of the year. During our fortnight's absence, however, the snow had nearly disappeared from the sides of the mountain, and we determined to put our former resolution into practice, especially as B—— thought it very unlikely he should ever be at Teneriffe again. We agreed therefore to procure a guide, and ascend as high as possible; and making our intention known to Mr. J. W——, he agreed to form one of our party. As soon as our determination was spread abroad, we were assailed by our acquaintance, Spanish as well as English, who one and all as-

sured us of the danger and folly of the attempt so early in the season. The natives gravely affirmed, that we should be either buried in the snow, or smothered in the clouds. In fact, I heard so much of the difficulties we should have to encounter, and the hazards we should run, that, for my own part, I should have given up all thoughts of the journey, had it not been for the representations of B——, who urged the improbability of his ever again possessing such an opportunity.

Accordingly, having procured a Spaniard for a guide, who had already made the ascent four or five times, and borrowed a small tent to take with us, from the knowledge that we should have to sleep upon the mountain, we prepared for the expedition. I am now particularly sorry that the wonderful relations we had heard should have so far prevailed with me, that I did not add a thermometer to my preparations. But I fully expected to have sufficient employment in taking care of myself, from the moment of the ascent from the spot at which it was settled we should leave our mules.

At seven o'clock in the morning of Saturday the 13th of June, we started; the Peak, the great object of our journey, being at that moment invisible from the density of the atmosphere. We

were each mounted on a capital mule, and had besides two of those useful animals loaded with provisions, water, and our tent. Every mule had a man to take charge of him; so that our company consisted of nine in all; that is to say, B——, W——, myself, our old guide, and the five natives who had the care of the cattle. A number of people collected to see us start; several of whom honoured us with the appellation of *three mad-headed Englishmen.* Little regarding their observations, we set off in good spirits, although the morning was cloudy, and at times, rainy: indeed, the sky had been overcast so much latterly, that we had not seen the Peak for many days.

About eight o'clock we arrived at the Villa Oratava, which is a large, populous, and clean town, delightfully situate on the side of the mountain, and surrounded with vineyards in high cultivation. It has the farther recommendation of a constant stream of clear water, running with much rapidity through the principal streets—a great luxury in this climate. Here we stopped to provide provender for the mules. Many collected round us to inquire the place of our destination; and, on being informed, expressed their astonishment, coupled with the observation, that few people *but the English* had ever attempted so

foolish an undertaking. The road hence (if road it can be called, being what in England we should term a gully) began to be very bad, and the ascent extremely rugged and steep; but the ground on either side was well cultivated with vineyards, Indian corn, wheat, barley, and potatoes; the last-mentioned, though small in size, are found to be of excellent quality. After riding about two miles, we reached that part of the mountain, at which the climate is adapted to the growth of chesnut and walnut trees, numbers of which we saw, interspersed with a smaller proportion of apple, pear, cherry, and mulberry trees. These trees appear to grow at an uniform distance from the foot of the eminence, and here occupy a space equal to about three quarters of a mile of its ascent; beyond which, the altitude seems too great for their cultivation, as we quitted them all at once, and afterwards met with nothing but the large kind of heath which is indigenous to the mountain.

We now quitted the nearly direct line towards the summit which we had pursued from Oratava, and entered a better road by turning to the right, the rise by which for two miles was very gradual. It was almost ten o'clock: we unloaded the mules therefore beneath a solitary pine-tree of very large size, whose height could not be less

than from 150 to 180 feet, and partook of the refreshments with which we were provided. This tree, which was the only one of its kind we met with, stands in a hollow way, down which at times the water rushes with tremendous fury. Having rested about half an hour, we continued our route, and soon began to leave all signs of human habitations behind us, together with their accompanying patches of potatoes, the last remnants of cultivation, whose place began to be every where supplied with heath, and that of a more and more stunted growth. Very shortly we entered the clouds, and received their watery contents very plentifully upon our garments: still, we rode merrily along, and found a subject of admiration in the various species of wild flowers that decked our way. We also observed a great many goats, which are turned out to feed in common by their owners until the approach of winter, when they are collected together, and each proprietor takes the animals that belong to him.

Three miles were passed over in this manner, throughout which the clouds never ceased to envelope us. They were however much more dense during the first mile than the two succeeding ones, getting thinner and thinner as we ascended, until at length we completely cleared them, and had a fine serene sky over our heads, and a pros-

pect besides, that to me was exceedingly gratifying. The Peak presented itself to us in all its majesty, appearing to rise as high above our heads as when seen from the port; from which latter point of view its apparent height is extremely deceiving. Below us lay the clouds, like an immense smooth sea of smoke, shutting out from our vision the world beneath. Elevated as we now were, we had still a long ride to the summit of the first ridge, as it is called, of the mountain, and there was but little variety in the way. Goats, and a few sheep, browzed upon the wild thyme which was seen growing in great quantities for some distance; but soon afterwards we found ourselves beyond the limits of almost every appearance of vegetation. Ere we were quite so far advanced, however, I had an opportunity of employing the gun, with which, amongst other things, I had provided myself for the expedition. I was riding on in front of my companions, when the guide called my attention to some *wild* goats, and wished me if possible to shoot one. I dismounted, and, by making the circuit of a little hollow, approached near enough to make prize of a fine fat kid, which the guide quickly packed upon a mule, highly pleased with the acquisition.

The road was now so bad, that I frequently walked in preference to trusting myself to the

mule, as we had on several occasions to climb from one stone to another somewhat in the manner of ascending a ladder; and the stones themselves being frequently loose, greatly increased the difficulty. At a little after one o'clock, we halted to take some refreshment under the shade of a large and isolated bush of broom, and started again at two. I was particularly vexed at not having taken any instruments with me: in particular, what would I have given to have had a thermometer!—I believe we all began to experience a great increase in the rarity of the atmosphere.—The end of our labours, that is to say, the top of the Peak, was in view when we renewed our journey; and we could plainly perceive the smoke issuing from it. We then entered upon a large plain, composed of what at first sight I took to be white earth; but, on getting down to inspect it, the whole surface proved to be of pumice-stone, larer pieces of which were found on scraping away a little of the exterior crust. The way over this plain being quite level, we rode on very pleasantly, the air proving delightfully pure and serene, and the sun shining, but not with an excessive heat. The base of the *Peak*, properly so called, rises from the centre of this plain, which forms nearly a circle around it, and was itself, it is probable, at one period the summit of the

mountain, until an extraordinary impulse of the volcanic matter within, upreared the vast cone that now ascends from it. Here, in every direction, are seen black masses of lava, ejected from the dark womb of the mountain during its eruptions; their sizes varying from that of half a ton to perhaps a hundred tons weight. Besides these, nothing but an occasional patch of stunted broom appears to diversify the surface.

About half-past two we began a winding and yet steep ascent of the Peak, over a continuation of the soft ground of the plain, and at a quarter to four reached the *Resting-place of the English*, as it is called, at which we were not sorry awhile to repose ourselves, on the rock of lava which distinguishes the spot. We were greatly fatigued, and B—— and W—— equally with myself experienced much distress in breathing, owing to the extreme rarity of the atmosphere. My own sensation was that of violent pain in the nostrils, and below the eyes, as if I had suddenly inhaled a great quantity of very cold air. Notwithstanding, we enjoyed the prospect of clouds, which appeared like an immense ocean of vapour at a vast distance below us, completely veiling sea and earth from our view, with the exception of the tops of the mountains of Teneriffe, and those of the island of Grand Canary,

which latter are fifty miles distant, but seemed not more than twenty, so clear and distinct was the prospect of them. We were at this moment at an elevation exceeding that of the tops of all the other mountains in the island, yet still much of our journey lay before us; and the ascent was continually growing steeper, so that our mules found it impossible to proceed with their heads directly towards the summit of the mountain, but were obliged to take a sort of zig-zag path over the loose cinders and lava that lay in their way. For my own part, however fatigued, I frequently preferred walking to the apparent dangers of the conveyance upon the back of my beast; especially as we sometimes passed close to precipitous chasms, where a single false step might have proved fatal.

It wanted rather more than a quarter to five o'clock, when we reached the spot at which we were to pass the night. It is called *The Englishman's Cave;* although there is no cave, nor any thing resembling one, if we except five or six large rocks of lava, lying near each other upon a small plain, which is situated at about one-third of the way from the base of the Peak. After arriving here, Messrs. B——, W——, and myself, were all seized with swimming in the head, attended also with nausea at the stomach. A

glass of pure spirit each, however, relieved us from these unpleasant sensations; and we then pitched our tent, and partook of some cold fowl, while the guides made a fire with the wood we found here. You will be surprised, perhaps, to hear of our finding wood for fuel in such a place: but I must inform you, that just above is a cave, from which the natives procure ice in summer to carry down to the town; and as they are obliged to be upon the road all night, they load their mules with this wood from the plain below, and for the same purpose as that to which we applied it, leaving quantities at this spot from time to time. After smoking a segar, we laid down in our clothes upon the ground; but the guides meanwhile were making themselves very merry with some grog we gave them, and their employment of roasting the kid. Having supped very heartily, these gentlemen sat round their fire, and, greatly to our annoyance, as we wished for nothing so much as sleep, sang songs till midnight. As this was one of the spots, at which we were told we should suffer so much from the severity of the weather, I was agreeably surprised to find the night air by no means colder than on a fine night in May in England, and our great coats were amply sufficient for a comfortable degree of warmth.

We rose again at three, and in an hour's time, after taking a good breakfast, with some spirits and water, resumed our undertaking with much cheerfulness. The difficulties of which we had heard so much, appeared to have been very greatly exaggerated; and we now entertained no doubt of a favourable conclusion to our enterprize. The morning, we could observe, was cloudy to *the world below us;* but *we* had a fine serene sky over our heads, beautifully studded with stars, that appeared more distinct and bright than on a clear frosty night in England. The air was not colder than it usually is early in a May morning in our own climate.

The mules were necessarily left where we had passed the night, as the remainder of the way could only be performed on foot. Implicitly following our guide, we took at first a rather circular route, which rendered the ascent more easy; but the old man soon bent his course straight up, where a path seemed to have been slightly worn; but this was so steep, that we were compelled to rest for breath every five minutes. Immense rocks of lava succeeded, which it was indispensable that we should climb: fortunately, their sides were so rugged, that, with the assistance of both hands and feet, we succeeded in scaling them without slipping, which

would have been highly dangerous. We continued thus to scramble from rock to rock, and occasionally close to the edges of awful chasms, until the sun rose; when we paused a few minutes to enjoy the prospect, and never shall I forget the scene that then presented itself. The neighbouring mountains were enchantingly tipped with the rising rays, and the sea of clouds so far beneath, became all ruddy and gold with the increasing effulgence. But it was necessary that we should not delay: at least we had been informed that the heat would render it impossible for us to remain upon the top of the Peak half an hour after sun-rise. We therefore hurried on, and found, to my great surprise, upon surmounting a ridge, that we had then to cross another plain, composed of a loose white kind of sand, which, descending a little, led to the base of the real, or topmost peak, which is called the *sugar-loaf*. This actual apex of the mountain was probably thrown out at the last eruption, sixty years since, when the best port in the island was destroyed by it: even now the smoke issues from several small fissures in this uppermost mass, and if a little of the surface is scraped away, the heat is found too great to bear the hand in it. Some snow, however, still remained in the hollow immediately at the foot of the sugar-loaf.

We commenced our last ascent, which may be nearly half a mile in length, the acclivity very great, and the composition of the surface a very loose soft earth, which sometimes rendered the employment of both hands and knees necessary in climbing it. At five minutes past six we gained the summit, and immediately hoisted the union jack at the end of a long pole; sang God save the King, and drank his health with three times three, making the guides join in it; and then toasted our friends in England. Our feelings under the excitement of the moment may be imagined; and it is worthy of remark, that the flag was seen from the shipping, though their distance, calculated up the side of the mountain, was about twenty miles. We took a *second* breakfast, and found the air around us, while at this repast, by no means too hot, but, on the contrary, extremely pleasant: afterwards, we found time to examine our situation at leisure.

The summit of the Peak, which is about 300 yards in circumference, is formed by a narrow ridge of white rocks, of a very soft nature; and the crater, into which we look from the ridge, descends to the depth of about 60 or 70 feet, rounding inward at the sides, in the manner of a punch-bowl. B—— and myself went down to the bottom of the hollow, and thought it no very

bad birth, though rather cool, owing to the sun's not being high enough to direct his rays into it. Smoke issued from various small holes; into one of which I must needs put my hand, in order to get some beautiful looking sulphur, but was glad to withdraw it very quickly, having scalded the skin of my fore-finger. The colour of this sulphur resembled amber, and it was very transparent; but the transparency vanishes on its being collected and preserved.

It was nearly seven o'clock when we left the crater, and returned to the highest part of the ridge, where we had planted the flag. The clouds below were then breaking away, and we enjoyed for a short time a view of the Port Oratava, with the shipping riding at anchor. At this time it must have been that our flag was visible from the vessels. Immediately below us, as though close under our feet, lay the island of Gomera; and we had a distinct view of the other islands, with the exception of Ferro, which was hidden by the clouds. But I have now to mention a rather singular circumstance.

Being excessively fatigued, I sat down under a rock, and insensibly fell fast *asleep*. By this indulgence, which lasted about an hour and a half, I both got burnt by the heat of the earth, and lost the skin of my nose, as the sun had been

shining full in my face, and blistered it. I was awakened by B——, who told me that he also had taken his nap; but that he and W—— had since discovered some quicksilver on the surface of one of the highest rocks, and collected about a quarter of an ounce of it, in globules, each about the size of a pin's head.

Much refreshed by our short repose, we prepared to descend, as it was nearly nine o'clock, and we had staid almost three hours upon the top of the Peak. During this time, it is proper to observe, we experienced no inconvenience either from heat or cold: at the same time, I cannot pretend to say how it may be in this respect in July or August, which we were informed was the proper period for undertaking the journey.

Our descent was easy. On coming to the cave, before mentioned as supplying the natives with ice, we resolved to explore it. It is about 15 feet deep, 70 or 80 long, and 30 or 40 broad; and contains a pool of water, which our guides informed us was always frozen. The roof of this cave afforded a pretty spectacle; as it was covered with a kind of alkali resembling in appearance hoar frost, while icicles eight or ten feet long depended from it. At about half-past ten we again reached the Englishman's Cave, and laid down

to sleep for two hours. On then recommencing our descent, I thought it most prudent to walk, on account of the steepness of the declivity; and in this manner reached the foot of the mountain, meeting with no other incident worth recording, except that we all got completely wet in re-passing the clouds, although we found the atmosphere pure and clear beneath them. We reached Port Oratava at seven o'clock, greatly fatigued, as you will imagine: and somewhat to the astonishment of those kind informants, who had favoured us with such wonderful tales of the difficulties and dangers attending an *Ascent of the Peak.*

ALI PACHA AND THE GARDIKIOTES.

From "The Life of Ali Pacha:" 2nd Edition.

[By Exclusive Permission, for the Annual Remembrancer.]

EVER since the death of her favourite son Aden Bey, the cruel daughter* of Khamco had retired to Libochobo, and she was still plunged in all the depth of maternal grief, when her vengeance was aroused by the news of the capture of Gardiki. Upon which occasion she thus wrote to her brother.

"Neither the title of Vizier, nor the name of brother, will I henceforth allow thee, if thou keepest not the oath sworn to our mother over her inanimate corpse. If thou be, indeed, the son of Khamco, thou oughtest to raze Gardiki to the ground, exterminate its inhabitants, and deliver up its females to me, to dispose of them according to my will and pleasure. It is only on mattresses stuffed with the hair of the Gardiki-

* Sister to Ali.

otish women, that Chaïnitza will henceforth repose. Absolute master of the Gardikiotes, forget not the outrages which we suffered in the days of our wretched captivity: the hour of vengeance has now arrived, let them be annihilated."

On the third day after his departure from Joannina, the Vizier alighted at his sister's palace at Libochobo. It was remarked, that, after their first interview, the tears of Chaïnitza, which, since the death of Aden Bey, had flowed incessantly, ceased as if by enchantment. Her apartments, hitherto hung with gloomy draperies, were now covered with the richest Persian carpets, and ornamented with the gayest furniture; her women resumed their finery; she herself re-appeared in public, and received visits as she had formerly done in her days of maternal happiness and triumph. She celebrated the return of her brother with fêtes, singing, and music. Ali, upon rising from the banquet at which he had presided, proceeded to the Castle of Chendria.

Erected on the summit of a rock, at a short distance from the right bank of the Celydnus, this fortress commands the entire valley of Drynopolis: from the neighbouring heights is seen Gardiki, and its surrounding territory. It was here that the Vizier sat in judgement. At daybreak, heralds appointed for the purpose arrived

at Gardiki, and proclaimed in his name a general amnesty; at the same time ordering all the males, from the age of ten years, to repair to Chendria, there to hear from the Vizier's own mouth the decree which restored them to happiness.

Notwithstanding this declaration, consternation was general amongst the inhabitants. The mosques were filled with old and young, imploring God and his prophet, while Heaven's vault resounded with the cries of the women, who had rushed from the harems to see and embrace their husbands, children, or brothers. A fatal presentiment seemed to intimate to them that it was for the last time. The Gardikiotes proceeded sorrowfully towards Chendria: they descended the hills, and, having arrived in the plain, turned with "longing, ling'ring look" to salute their natal town ere it disappeared from their view. Overcome with grief, they mingled the name of Gardiki with their sighs; and forcing themselves from the spot whence they could still see their domestic hearths, they passed the Celydnus, arrived at Chendria, and prostrated themselves at the feet of the Vizier, who was expecting them in the midst of his satellites. There they entreated his pardon, and implored his mercy, by all that is capable of affecting the heart of man. Ali

appeared softened; tears moistened his cheek; he raised the supplicants, encouraged them, called them his brethren, his children; desired some, whom he had formerly known, to approach him; recalled to their recollection past battles, the times of their youth, and even the gambols of infancy. At length he dismissed them with apparent regret, desiring them to await his arrival in the enclosure of the khan near Valaire, as it was there he would determine their future destination. The wretched Gardikiotes, the victims of despair, retired surrounded by the tyrant's guards. Two hours afterwards, Ali descended from Chendria in a palanquin, supported on the shoulders of his Valaques. Having gained the plain, he mounted his calash, ornamented with embroidered cushions and rich cachemires. Then, ordering his Tchoardars to follow him, he arrived at the khan full-gallop. Having rode round it, as if to examine if there were any issue for flight, he caused all the prisoners to pass in review before him one by one; he asked their age, family, and profession; and then separated them into two bodies; the greater he ordered to be conducted to a place of security; the other, amounting to six hundred and seventy, he sent into the court-yard of the khan, which forms an enclosed square.

Then, placing himself in front of his troops, and taking a carbine from the hand of a soldier, he cried out with a loud voice, "Vras!" (kill); —but the Mahometans remained motionless, and a low murmur was heard thoughout the ranks; some even threw down their arms. Ali was about to harangue them, when several voices called out simultaneously, that "Mahometans cannot steep their hands in the blood of their brethren." Ali then addressed himself to an auxiliary corps of Mirdites, who served under his banners, and who were called the black battalion, from the colour of the short cloak which covered their heads and shoulders. But these, also, refused to massacre defenceless wretches—"Restore to the Gardikiotes the arms you have taken from them," said the chiefs of the Mirdites to him; "let them march out into the open country to defend themselves, and, if they accept the challenge, you shall then see that we can serve you faithfully." Ali, foaming with rage, thought he was completely deserted, when Athanasia Vaïa, the most abandoned instrument of his crimes, said to him in a loud voice, "May the enemies of my lord perish! I offer him my arm." And, at the head of his Greek battalion, he rushed towards the walls of the khan, which enclosed his victims.

There wretched Gardikiotes, divided between hope and despair, no sooner saw the walls occupied by these brigands, than they prepared for their fate. Upon the Vizier lifting his battle-axe, which was the signal, the massacre commenced by a general discharge of musquetrys; this was followed by dreadful and long-continued shrieks. Soldiers, placed at the foot of the walls, kept handing up to the murderers loaded musquets, so as to keep up a running fire; in the intervals of which were heard the horrid groans of the dying. Here was seen the father writhing in agony on the expiring body of his child; the blood of youth was mingled with that of old age. Those who had as yet escaped the fatal ball, or were only slightly wounded, endeavoured to scale the walls, and were poniarded. Others, thinking to escape the musquetry, fled to an apartment of the khan; but the Greeks set fire to it, and the unfortunate fugitives perished in the flames. At length, after the carnage had continued about an hour and a half, the cries ceased, and all was silent!

INTERESTING SCENE

From the Popular Novel called

"FIRST AFFECTIONS, AN OXFORDSHIRE STORY."

[*By Exclusive Permission, for the Annual Remembrancer.*]

The Colonel's steward had received instructions to provide whatever the villagers might require, and his own taste suggest, in furtherance of the efforts made to do honour to the marriage of his daughter; and one consequence of these instructions was here seen in a pretty rural temple, reared beneath the trees on one side of the green plot, the effect of which was perhaps heightened by the top of the old church tower, surmounted by its simple spire, appearing above the branches. The sacred edifice, it should be observed, was so close to the plot, it almost appeared to touch a portion of the surrounding foliage; although, in reality, there was a very sufficient space between it and the giant sons of the grove, in whose towering arms it looked encradled. The church-path, we may also notice, which from time immemorial had been provided

for the general accommodation, crossed the demesne at this spot; having one of its terminations in the road that for some distance skirted the grounds, and the other at the low gothic porch of the building. Just as the procession made its entrance upon this pretty scene, it was met by a party of morris-dancers, (morris-dancing being still common in this part of Oxfordshire), who accompanied it with their music and evolutions until its chief personage had arrived exactly opposite the little temple: when they stopped, and preferred a request to the proprietor of the domain, to the bride, and bridegroom, to accept of seats in their simple structure, while they entertained them with a display of their art; after which, they signified their intention to head the procession with their joyous movements as far as the church porch. Sir George was contrary to this delay; but the good-nature of the Colonel and Juliana prevailed; and the trio took possession of the temple, while their friends occupied rustic chairs ranged on either side of it, and the village girls took station behind them.

A lane in front was promptly formed for the morris-dancers, who were all gay with their party-coloured dresses, covered with ribbands fantastically disposed, and musical at every tread with the little bells entwining their legs from the

the ancle to the knee; and the numerous peasantry of both sexes lined the open space beneath the trees, in such a manner as to afford ample room for the exhibition of their comrades. The pipes and tabors sounded, the dance commenced: the morris-men were happy in the display of their well-formed persons, and their agile powers; merriment was on every rustic face; the Colonel's friends laughed and conversed gaily with each other; the Colonel himself, with the Baronet, looked on with an air of satisfaction; and Juliana could not regard the exertions of the villagers, chiefly intended for her gratification, and fail to repay them with a smile. But, in the midst of the seemingly universal joy, an incident occurred, that in no slight degree disturbed it.

The steeple-bell tolled!—

It were impossible to paint the effect produced on all present by a circumstance in itself so inconsiderable. The music directly ceased; the dancers stopped, and stood, transfixed with surprise, like statues moulded into their variously suspended attitudes: the party in the temple, and their friends beside it, rose; and the most tranquil stillness pervaded a spot, but the instant before so busy with every variety of joyous

sounds, but where nothing now was to be heard but the light rustling of the leaves among the lofty branches, and the sonorously dying swell of the mourning note from the grey tower above them. No one could imagine from what ominous fatality the arrangements at the church had been so ill made, or so ill attended to, that the voice of the funeral bell had been allowed to interrupt a scene of hymeneal rejoicing; and no one dared, even by a solitary word of wonder, to break the fearful pause it had occasioned.

The first expressions heard, were from the lips of one who had not hitherto appeared among the actors upon this seemingly enchanted theatre; but who, ere the spell broke, burst into the midst, in the person of O'Shane.

"In time! in time!" he breathlessly exclaimed: "who now will tell me he has seen Arthur Fitzroy?"

Not a whisper in answer was returned, and O'Shane himself next stood mute, surprised at the speechless amaze of all around. He repeated his question, looking in the faces of the different groupes of villagers; but the suddenness of his appearance, and the singularity of his demeanour, seemed to have increased rather than diminished from the general astonishment, and not a syllable still was uttered in reply. The appalling silence was at length broken by Sir George

Harcourt, who said, with a stern air, though not without an apparent effort, "Perhaps, Captain O'Shane, notwithstanding your own seeming surprise, you can account for this strange interruption to our festivity. Are you, sir, in league with those, who appear making a mysterious effort to defeat our happiness?"—"Sir George Harcourt!" replied the Captain, in a tone of thunder, "should I not rather ask if *you* have not leagued with that weak slave Burford, to cheat the worthy gentleman beside you with a slanderous tale of his brave, noble nephew?"

"O'Shane!—how?—what?" said Colonel Urban; while Juliana involuntarily shrunk from the Baronet, as she uttered an exclamation between horror and surprise.

"Captain O'Shane," cried Sir George, "could I think you dared to intend any thing personal to me, in this uncalled-for and untimely mention of Mr. Fitzroy"—"Tut! sir, dared!" fiercely retorted O'Shane. "Would you, Sir George Harcourt, conceive it personal, should I, before this company, and especially in the presence of Miss Urban, inquire of you, if in your life you ever formed an attachment to any *other* female?—an attachment, sir, which, if at this moment named to you, and you still happened to retain either shame or feeling about

you, would afford you a blessed occasion for displaying both?"—"Sir," said the Baronet, forcing a faint smile, though plainly under considerable agitation, "your language, and your style of address, are so equally and utterly surprising, that, supposing you cannot possibly be serious—that all this is only meant to increase the farcical astonishment, into which, by the ingenious trick of some other person, we were all just now thrown"—

"Farcical! and trick!" repeated O'Shane. "By my honour, sir, I can see nothing farcical in a man's having the black art to deceive any woman; and but a rogue's trick in his marrying another, when the first is running mad about a heath through his ill behaviour to her."

The looks, both of Colonel Urban and his daughter, were eloquent at these words, but both continued silent. Sir George, at last, after an unavailing conflict with his feelings, rushed in rage from the temple towards O'Shane; but, before he could reach the Hibernian, who stirred neither foot nor feature at his approach, a bolt from heaven appeared to arrest his steps, and fix them beyond power of resistance to the earth, as again the steeple-bell tolled.

O'Shane, in his turn, now looked astonishment, and a painful thrill seemed to operate upon every

heart. A silence, like that of death, once more pervaded all; and then it was, that a near and measured tread of steps along the church-path became audible. Not a whisper, not the movement of a hand, disturbed the reign of an universal solemnity, as next emerged from beneath the trees a train of peasant girls, in white mourning garments; eight of whom, in the centre, supported a low bier, upon which lay a coffin with its pall, while the others preceded or followed it in pairs, and a man enveloped in a black robe, whose eyes wandered not from the ground, closed the melancholy procession.

When the bier had reached the centre of the plot, its supporters (by previous concert, as it afterwards appeared) placed it gently on the sod, and the whole train stood speechlessly around it. The mourner in black then advanced, and divesting himself of his funeral habiliments, and, that done, first elevating his regards to the persons present, discovered to all—Arthur Fitzroy! At which so unexpected apparition, Juliana betrayed her feelings by a faint shriek, and clung to her father's shoulder; the Colonel turned pale, and trembled; and Harcourt, gloomily folding his arms, stood like a man who expects, and is resolved to meet his fate. Of all who composed the assembly, no one received a look of recogni-

tion from Arthur but the person last mentioned; but to him, having hung his mourning cloak, &c. on one arm, he took a steady step, and thus began.

"Sir George Harcourt!—When I last addressed you, it was to reproach your perfidy to the friend of your boyhood; I adopted language, which could be excused only by the justest resentment: I am now about to repeat the terms I then used, because I do not think the disappointed feelings that at that time possessed me, worthy any longer to excite my anger. I am here to put it in your power to perform a duty to the dead, before you enter into new engagements with the living: you supplanted me in love; I would not supplant you in the performance of those last offices you owe to one, whom your treachery, greater even than that you showed to me, rendered a maniac and an outcast, and conducts this day to an early grave. Yes, Sir George, ere to-day you unite yourself at the altar to the rich heiress, Juliana Urban, take this robe, and, as mourner to your own victim, complete the task I now resign into your hands—follow the poor Floretta Norton to her tomb."

Sir George altered not his position, but, with his eyes rivetted to the ground, seemed bent at first to preserve his moody silence. But his

whole frame, meanwhile, discovered the terrific agitation that shook his soul. Others there also were, whose emotion was only not so strong, because it was without the feelings of guilt; and she, most interested in the scene, though silent like the Baronet, among the innocent spectators assuredly felt not the least. Colonel Urban at length leaving the temple, as though with an intention to address himself to Harcourt, she leant an arm against one of its rustic pillars, and with her forehead reclining against that arm, listened to what followed.

"Sir George Harcourt," said the Colonel, "I intreat—were it not for the pity I cannot but feel for you at this moment, I should insist—that you answer me one plain question. Were you, or were you not, the seducer of Floretta Norton?"

The miserable man looked wildly round, until his eye rested on the coffin of Floretta. He shuddered—approached the bier—bent on one knee beside it—and, drooping his head almost to the pall, seemed mentally to utter a brief prayer. Then rising, he gained firmness enough to say,

"I WAS,—AND AM HER MURDERER!"

Juliana started, and looked her gratitude to heaven.

"Much," continued he, "have I felt in vain; but this—this sight of woe! If the Great Power,

whose hand I trace in these events, if he *could* hear the prayer of such as I am, Floretta, in the world above us, may be happy. but for me—henceforth Sir George Harcourt will not deserve a thought—but, should you think of him, think of a man whose bride for life is misery. Fare—no, not to you Colonel Urban—nor you, Juliana—and least to you, Fitzroy—can I, am I worthy now, to say farewell. Be happy all!"—

He hurried from the scene, his features burning with his inward shame, his footsteps sinking, as it were, beneath the weight of his accumulated disgrace and guilt, adding alone, "I, I am curst for ever!"

FESTIVAL AT GOLDSBERG,

ON

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THERE are few places where Christmas Eve is kept with greater ceremonial, than at Goldsberg. The most remarkable features of this celebration, are said to derive their origin from a dreadful plague which befel this town in the year 1553. According to an ancient and now almost illegible stone monument, placed against the wall of the great parish church, Goldsberg was ravaged in that year by a terrible plague, which carried off above 2500 persons. Oral tradition, indeed, affirms, that there were not more than 25 housekeepers left alive in the place; and that every house was shut up so strictly, that not one of the survivors knew what had become of his neighbour. Martinus Tabornus, speaking of this pestilence, in what are called his "Cladibus Goldsbergensibus," says it was so infectious, that few houses were ever opened; every thing appeared

dead and gone: the grass was growing in many places; and the number who perished exceeded 2500. At this period, says tradition, one of the surviving inhabitants went to the Lower Ring, as it is called, on two o'clock on Christmas morning, and sung a Christmas carol, with a view to animate those who had escaped the plague, the malignity of which had been stayed by the cold, to unite with him in the solemn celebration of an epoch so joyful to the human race. Some few ventured to join him; and, after singing another carol, they repaired to the Upper Ring, in order to excite those who lived in its vicinity to accompany them in their thanksgivings.

The ceremony, as it is now performed, is said to have arisen from a desire to perpetuate the remembrance of this affecting scene. About two o'clock in the morning, there are frequently not less than 2000 persons collected from the town, the suburbs, and the villages belonging to the township, and assembled on the Lower-Ring. Most of these have previously attended the rituals of Christmas Eve, which are celebrated at midnight in the Franciscan Monastery. At this hour, the commander of the town-guard collects the whole of the night police, in conjunction with the *Ring Chanter*, as he is called. This personage is a townsman possessing a good voice;

he is fetched from the Zirkelley, leads the train in procession to the Lower Ring, and there forms them into a circle. The clock has no sooner struck two, than the night-watch proclaims the hour, and the Ring Chanter opens with the psalm "Unto us this day a child is born;" in which he is not only joined by the whole assembled multitude, but at the very same instant by those who are waiting the signal in the Upper Ring: every house encircling both Rings has its windows open, and illuminated. After singing the hymn which begins "This day let us praise, &c." the procession moves forward to the Upper Ring, where a fresh circle is formed, the hour is again proclaimed, and the chanter sings the two hymns, "We, sons of Christ," and "Let us bound for joy," the whole town re-echoing them far and near. The most perfect order is preserved throughout every part of this interesting ceremony, which has really a solemn and impressive effect, from the dignity and grandeur of the hymns, and the singularity of the scene; nor will it be difficult to conceive this, if we picture to ourselves a whole population collected beneath the canopy of heaven so early on a winter's morning, the air resounding with a host of human voices, blending in choral union, and the darkness giving way to a brilliant illumination.

This portion of the ceremony being completed, at three o'clock the town band performs several pieces, with horns and trumpets, on the tower of the town hall; and the Chanter of the Latin School, who has joined them there with all his scholars, afterwards begins the hymn "To God alone, on high, be honor given," accompnnied by the horns and trumpets, and the voices of those assembled in the rings. This is succeeded by vocal and instrumental music composed for the occasion. At four o'clock, the service commences in the parish church, by the performance of the well known hymn, "Quem pastores, &c.;" which is sung by the boys of the school, who are divided into four distinct choirs, and accompanied by the organ: then follows a full piece, in which both voices and instruments are conjoined; at which time, as well as duriug the remainder of the ceremony, the whole church is splendidly lighted up by children bearing innumerable stars made of paper soaked in oil, wax torches, or what are called trees, &c. presenting a blazing display of light. A sermon constitutes the next part of the ceremony, and the whole is closed at six o'clock by a solemn "Te Deum," accompanied by horns and trumpets.

LITERARY COMPETITION

USEFULLY DIRECTED.

In the year 1781, the French Academy received the following anonymous letter.

"Sirs,—One who loves the sciences, and conceives them to be useful to mankind, is desirous of founding a prize; to be bestowed on that production, which may be deemed to confer the greatest benefit on society at large. Be it a sermon, a play, a novel, or a work in prose or poetry; be it history or jurisprudence; be it a moral or political essay; a memoir, on science, or art; a learned inquiry;—in short, belong its subject to any class that can be named, none are to be excluded. The competition shall not depend on any question proposed; nothing further is requisite than that the judges declare, 'that, of all the productions of the preceding year, which have come to their knowledge, the present appears the best calculated to promote the welfare of mankind.' It remains for the Academy

to decide whether its own members may be admitted to contend for the prize.

"A sum of twelve thousand livres is herewith deposited for the purpose. The interest of this sum is to be expended on a gold medal, of which the prize shall consist.

"The following are the grounds of this proposal. A geometrician once ridiculed a play, which was universally applauded, because *it demonstrated nothing*. This was unjust. But it cannot be so, that a member of the state, when estimating his judgement of a book, should ask *Of what use can it be?* Such is the question which *I* now put to the Academy, Literature has been represented as one of the scourges of society. Let her step forward in her own vindication. It is said that we are a thoughtless and a frivolous people: this point it is not for me to decide; but I see a nation of idlers, turning their backs on the monuments of genius, and rushing daily after farces and pantomimes in the suburbs. I see novels of a middling character passing through several editions; a serious and profound work esteemed, but not read; I see that authors, who are deserving of a name with posterity, are known, sought after, and applauded, on no other account but for some circumstances of their genius of which they are themselves ashamed.

At a time when our presses are groaning under pamphlets, we are destitute of a History of France that is fit to be read; of a code of jurisprudence; of a collection of the results of an experience founded on our climate; &c. &c. It appears to me, that, in this chaotic state of things, the chiefs of the literary field should come forward, saying to every one who is running this race, 'Lo! such should be your goal!' and to the nation itself, 'Behold, these are the writers to whom you are most indebted!' "

The Academy welcomed this proposal with sentiments of esteem and gratitude, and accepted of the proffered sum on certain conditions, which, being approved by the founder, the object of the prize was made public. It is a remarkable circumstance, as well as highly creditable to the fair sex, that a female was the first who gained this honourable prize.* The "Conversations d'Emilie," by Mad. d'Epinay, obtained the gold medal in the year 1782. In 1783, Berquin received it for his "Ami des Enfans."

* It may be thought, perhaps, a curious coincidence, that the first prize offered by our "Royal Society of Literature," lately instituted, was also awarded to a lady—Mrs. Hemans.

HISTORICAL SKETCH
OF
BEARDS.

In remote times, the French distinguished themselves from the nations whom they had subdued, by wearing long beards, which were then esteemed a mark of honour. Young persons bestowed a sedulous attention on the chin's down. But "tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis:" William, archbishop of Rouen, taking the nation's bodies as well as their immortal parts under his charge, declared inveterate war against long hair and long beards; and, not content with a wordy assault, drove the matter to such extremities, that it was decreed by a Council held in 1096, that those who wore their hair long should be expelled from Christian communion and deprived of the prayers of the church after their decease. This affair was of too much moment to pass over quietly. Beards were not to sink without a struggle; their enemies

were mighty, but their supporters also were men of weight and consideration; and the war was carried on with so much vigour, that each party could boast its martyrs in so noble a cause. No event throughout the contest, however, was of a more marked or tragic character, than the act of shaving which Lewis VII. allowed to be performed on his own chin: this was deemed so sovereign a trait of imbecility, that Eleanor of Aquitaine, his consort, from that moment lost every feeling of respect for him, and divorced him from her society and affections. Six weeks after this divorce, the queen espoused Henry, Duke of Normandy, who subsequently became king of England, and brought him Poitou and Guyenne as her marriage portion. In this way was laid the foundation stone of the wars, which desolated France for a period of three hundred years. Three millions of Frenchmen were doomed to death, because an archbishop took up arms against beards, a king suffered himself to be shaved, and a queen was outraged by her husband's appearance at court with a naked chin!!!

Beards gradually grew out of fashion, and wholly shunned the light of day, until Francis the First brought them again into vogue. Every one then encouraged their growth, and shaving was wholly confined to members of parliament and

canons of cathedrals. Under Henry the Fourth, beards were restricted to the length of three fingers, and cut broad at their extremities; but the loss of length was counterbalanced by the use of two mustachios, long and stiff, like cats' whiskers. Subsequently, fashion prescribed the bringing of the beard to a point at the centre of the chin; and the finishing cut was given to it in the reign of Lewis XIV., when a diminished crop was alone permitted to appear below the nose.

ANTIQUE INSCRIPTION

(To be found neither in Black Letter nor *MS.*)

Singularly legible,

YET NOT EASILY TO BE READ.

C. E.
R. T. E. S. W.
H. or. ea. D. E. T. H. T. his
is. W. is. E.
Y.
et. W. is. E. R. W. H.
O. C.
Ann. o. tex. pound. I.
T. F. O. R.
Why? w. H. O. r. ea. D.
E. T. H. S. T. R.
A. I. G. H. T. W. A.
Y. Sig.
H. S.
to. T. H. in. K. wh.
A. T. non.
Sen—sehe—hat. H. F.
ou. N. dit.

*** The Explication (for the benefit of all who need it) in our next annual volume.

PAUPERISM IN EUROPE.

AMONG the 178,000,000 individuals who inhabit Europe, there are estimated to be 17,900,000 *Beggars*, or persons who subsist at the expense of the community, without contributing to its resources. In Denmark, the proportion is five per centum: in England, ten per cent.: in Holland, 14 per cent.: in Paris, (in 1813) 102,856 paupers out of a population of 530,000: in Liverpool, 17,000 out of 80,000: in Amsterdam, 108,000 out of 217,000. These numbers, in every instance, it is believed, are on the increase.

Comparative View of the Population, Revenue, and Debt, of the Principal Modern States.

	Population.	Revenue.	Nat. Debt.
		L.	*L.*
FRANCE	29,000,000	36,000,000	184,500,000
AUSTRIA	28,000,000	12,500,000	73,000,000
SPAIN, in Europe	17,000,000	6,500,000	135,000,000
GREAT BRITAIN, in Europe, Asia, &c.	68,000,000	50,000,000	801,000,000
NETHERLANDS, with Colonies	6,000,000	7,000,000	145,000,000
PRUSSIA	11,000,000	7,000,000	28,000,000
RUSSIA, with Poland	52,000,000	14,500,000	50,450,000
UNITED STATES	12,000,000	5,500,000	19,500,000
NAPLES	5,100,000	2,900,000	14,000,000
TURKEY in Europe	9,500,000	——	——

Summary of the Comparative Increase of Population in England, Wales, and Scotland.

1700 6,523,000	1750 7,820,000	1790 10,242,000
1710 6,510,000	1760 8,099,000	1801 10,817,000
1720 6,955,000	1770 8,862,000	1811 12,553,000
1730 7,105,000	1780 9,418,000	1821 14,089,677
1740 7,286,000		

A

COMPENDIOUS WEATHER GUIDE.

The following Table, duly observed, will, it is believed, not seldom fail to render the peruser *weather-wise*. At least, it is constructed from philosophical considerations of the attractive influences of the Sun and Moon, in their several relative positions to our Earth; and the data here laid down, are confirmed by the experience of many years' actual observation.

New and Full Moon.	*Summer.*	*Winter.*
If it be new or full Moon, or the Moon entering into the 1st or last quar. at 12 noon.	Very rainy.	Snow and rain.
If between the hours of 2 and 4 aftern.	Changeable.	Fair and mild.
4 and 6 even.	Fair.	Fair.
6 and 8.	Fair, if wind at N. W.	Fair and frosty if wind at N. or N. E.
	Rainy, if wind at S. or S. W.	Rain or Snow, if S. or S. W.
6 and 8.	Ditto.	Ditto.
10 and 12 night.	Fair.	Fair and frosty.
12 and 2 morn.	Ditto.	Hard frost, unless wind or S. W.
2 and 4.	Cold with frequent showers.	Snow and stormy.
4 and 6.	Rain.	Ditto.
6 and 8.	Wind and rain.	Stormy weather.
8 and 10.	Changeable.	Cold rain, if wind be W.; snow, if E.
10 and 12 noon.	Frequent showers.	Cold with high wind.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE PRECEDING SUBJECT.

Chiefly collected from the ingenious "Philosophical Disquisitions" of the late Rev. and learned W. Jones, of Pluckley.

MISTS.—A white mist in the evening over a meadow with a river, will be drawn up by the sun next morning, and the day will be bright.—Five or six fogs successively drawn up portend rain.—Where there are high hills, and the mist which hangs over the lower lands draws towards the hills in the morning, and rolls up to the top, it will be fair; but if the mist hangs upon the hills, and drags along the woods, there will be rain.

CLOUDS.—Against much rain, the clouds grow bigger and increase very fast, especially before thunder.—When the clouds are formed like fleeces, but dense in the middle, and bright towards the edges, with the sky bright, they are signs of a frost, with hail, snow, or rain.—If clouds breed high in air, in thin white trains, like locks of wool, they portend wind, and probably rain.—When a general cloudiness covers the sky, and small black fragments of clouds fly underneath, they are a sure sign of rain, and it probably will be lasting. Two currents of clouds always portend rain, and, in summer, thunder.

DEW.—If the dew lies plentifully on the grass after a fair day, it is a sign of another. If not, and there is no wind, rain must follow.—A red evening portends fine weather; but if it spread too far upwards from the horizon in the evening, and especially morning, it foretells wind or rain, or both.—When the sky in rainy weather is tinged with sea green, the rain will increase; if with deep blue, it will be showery.

HEAVENLY BODIES.—A haziness in the air which fades the sun's light, and makes the orb appear whitish, or ill defined;

or at night, if the moon and stars grow dim, and a ring encircles the former, rain will follow.—If the sun's rays appear white at setting, or shorn, or he goes down into a bank of clouds in the horizon, bad weather is to be expected.—If the moon looks pale and dim, we expect rain; if red, wind; and if of her natural colour, with a clear sky, fair weather.—If the moon is rainy throughout, it will clear at the change, and perhaps the rain return a few days after. If fair throughout, and rain at the change, the fair weather will probably return on the fourth or fifth day.

WIND.—If the wind veers about, much rain is pretty sure. If in changing it follows the course of the sun, it brings fair weather; the contrary, foul.—Whistling, or howling of the wind, a sure sign of rain.

METEORS.—The Aurora Borealis, after warm days, is generally succeeded by cooler air.—Shooting stars are supposed to indicate wind.

ANIMALS.—Before rain, swallows fly low; dogs grow sleepy, and eat grass; water-fowl dive much; fish will not bite; flies are more troublesome; toads crawl about; moles, ants, bees, and many insects, are very busy; birds fly low for insects; swine, sheep, and cattle are uneasy, and even the human body.

THE TWO FOLLOWING OBSERVATIONS ARE FROM THE INGENIOUS DR. KIRWAN.

1. When there has been no particular storm about the time of the Spring equinox (March 21),—if a storm arise from the east on or before that day, or if a storm from any point of the compass arise nearly a week after the equinox—then, in either of these cases, the succeeding summer is generally *dry*, four times in five.

2. But if a storm arise from the S. W. or W. S. W. on or just before the Spring equinox, then the Summer following is generally *wet*, five times in six.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

THE beginning of SPRING, or the period of the Sun's entrance into the sign Aries, when day and night are for the first time in the year of equal duration, is at 29 minutes after 7 of the evening of the 20th March.

THE beginning of SUMMER, or the period of the Sun's entrance into Cancer, when day has attained its longest duration, is at 35 minutes past 5 o'clock in the evening of the 21st of Juue.

THE beginning of AUTUMN, or the epoch of the Sun's entrance into Libra, when day and night are again of equal duration, is at 29 minutes past 7 in the morning of the 23rd September.

THE beginning of WINTER, or the period of the Sun's entrance into Capricornus, when the day is of shortest duration, is at 12 minutes past 1 in the forenoon of the 22nd of December.

THE YEAR 1824.

The 1824th year after the birth of Christ.

5773rd year after the Creation of the world, according to Scaliger's computation: but

5828th year after the Creation, according to Usserius. It is the

6537th year of the Julian Period.

2600th year of the Olympiads.

2577th year after the building of Rome.

5585th year of the Jewish computation, which begins with the 17th of September.

1239th year after the Hegira, which commences on the 11th of April.

7332nd year, according to the modern Greek Calendar.

307th year since the Reformation of Luther.

110th year since the Accession of the House of Brunswick.

5th year of the reign of our Sovereign, George the Fourth.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HYMN TO GOD,

THE ETERNAL AND UNCHANGEABLE.

By Mrs. Opie.

O THOU! that read'st the secret heart,
And hear'st the suff'rer's softest sigh,
When I remember that THOU ART,
I feel each care, each sorrow, fly.

THOU ART, to whom the sinner's moan
Was never yet breath'd forth in vain;
THOU ART, to whom each want is known,
Each hopeless wish, each fruitless pain.

And Oh! while earthly loves grow cold,
And earthly comforts break away,
THOU ART the suff'rer's certain hold,
The *same* through one eternal day!

Thy smile of love beams always bright,
To cheer the contrite sinner's heart;
Nor can that soul be plung'd in night,
That knows, O Lord, and *feels*, THOU ART!

ELEGIAC STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED RELATION.

By the same.

YES—thou art gone!—my hopes are o'er!
We ne'er can meet on earth again!
Thou sleep'st on India's fatal shore,
And friendship's prayers are breath'd in vain.

Thy sleep is death's, that awful sleep;
Yet still thou liv'st within my heart;
Which shall thine image sacred keep,
Till I from life or memory part.

The grave can't hide thee from my sight!
I see thee yet, and still shall see;
For mind's clear vision, ever bright,
By nought on earth can bounded be.

Wide as the heaven to which it soars,
And free and unconfin'd as heaven,
Thought over all triumphant towers,
Till memory back the past has given.

And thee she brings! not in thy shroud,
Not stretch'd upon thy bed of death,
Where faithful love, in anguish bow'd,
Essay'd to catch thy parting breath.

Oh! from that scene I trembling turn;
'Twas grief enough to hear thy doom;

To wish in vain to clasp thine urn,
And go, a pilgrim, to thy tomb.

No—I recal thee, gay and young;
With graceful form and manly brow,
O'er which thy clustering ringlets hung!
I see thy cheek of mantling glow!

I see thy smile! thy converse hear,
Where wit like summer lightning shone;
And sure that wit is ever dear,
Which plays o'er all, but injures *none*.

Cease, Memory, cease thy torturing art!
Count not these fleeting pleasures o'er--
My thoughts must fly, to soothe my heart,
To scenes I weakly shunn'd before.

Fancy must paint that dying bed,
Where thou, so fondly dear, wert laid;
While wedded love sustain'd thy head,
And filial fondness lent her aid.

Let me recal thy form no more,
As when thou wert the world's vain guest;
But, when that world's illusions o'er,
Thy refuge was—thy Saviour's breast.

I hear thee speak of sins forgiven!
That hope on which thy soul relied—
While faith beheld the promis'd heaven,
Through Him who liv'd, and Him who died.

Oh! let me on those moments dwell,
For thence I gain my surest balm;
And bid each vain regret farewell,
While o'er me comes an heavenly calm.

Then, lov'd and lost! I view thee now,
Where thou no "sinking sun" shalt see;
Where thou no "waning moon" shalt know,
But "God himself be light to thee!"

A light, that from an endless source,
Its streams of cloudless splendor draws!
But cease, my song! thy daring course,
And, hush'd in grateful wonder, pause.

SONG.

BY THE SAME.

Go—thou canst wound my peace no more—
For thou hast lost thy power to charm me—
My long, weak dream of love is o'er;
I wake—and thou no more canst harm me.

Yet I was blest when I believ'd
Whate'er thy treachery look'd, or utter'd;
While this fond heart, too long deceiv'd,
At sight of thee with pleasure flutter'd.

But now that heart, whene'er we meet,
Is still, and cold—and, proudly spurning
That weakness born of thy deceit,
Is o'er past errors deeply mourning.

It mourns o'er time to follies given,
And love's vain hopes, or vain repining,
Which might have fram'd my soul for heaven
And made my path with virtues shining.

But hence regret! my bark has found
A haven where no storms affright me;
Where Halcyons seem to brood around,
And gentle gales of peace delight me.

Yet, back upon the world's wide sea,
Where once I ventur'd, dangers daring,
I pitying look, and mourn for thee,
Who still art all those dangers sharing.

Haste! seek the land! no more be tost
On the world's waves, and tempest-driven:
But, midst their roar, my voice is lost,
Then shield him! save HIM! pitying Heaven!

SONG.

"Joy in Woe."

BY THE SAME.

THERE is a joy in woe, 'tis said—
And I can well the tale believe,
When Henry holds my drooping head,
And kindly bids me cease to grieve.

And when I hear his soothing voice,
Or meet his kind, expressive eye,
Amidst affliction I rejoice,
While joy and woe divide my sigh.

Then let affliction fade my cheek,
And be mine eyes with sorrow dim,
So Henry's eyes of pity speak,
And this pale cheek be press'd by *him*.

Whate'er the world may fancy bliss,
For his compassion I'd forego—
More dear than mirth that pitying kiss,
Which makes me feel a *joy* in woe.

SOCIAL AND SOLITARY ENJOYMENTS CONTRASTED.

BY A LADY.

Sweet solitude! I would not do thee wrong,
I would not slight thee in my gayest song;
Reflection's sober joys are thine alone,
And every pensive pleasure is thine own.
Yet man for social purposes was form'd;
For social ends by Mercy was adorn'd;
For social ends was speech, was beauty, given,
And kind affections, by indulgent heav'n.—
Though Solitude has charms I would not lose,
For all the joys that thoughtless mortals choose,

Tho', woo'd by Solitude, I pleas'd resign
The tinsell'd ornaments of pleasure's shrine;
Yet, would I willingly the joys forego,
The pure delights from social love that flow?
Deny sweet Charity—that sacred band
That joins society in heart and hand;
That bids our best, our warmest passions flow,
And yields the dearest pleasures known below?
No, never!—When Eternal Love would send
The best of earthly gifts, he sent a *friend;*
And in that heart where kind affections move,
The sweetest earthly gift a *friend* will prove.
Fraternal love—how sweet thy potent charm,
That can e'en sorrow of its sting disarm.
Thine is the task the drooping soul to cheer,
To whisper peace, to wipe the falling tear;
Or, if no sorrow and no care annoy,
'Tis thine to share the bliss, and heighten joy.
And, when safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where the rude storm of life is heard no more;
Where blissful myriads tune the rapt'rous song,
And notes of pleasure and of praise prolong;
There shall thy triumph, heavenly love, be seen,
There shall thy pure, thy peaceful reign begin.

TO THE SETTING SUN.

I HEARD not thy gigantic tread
Across the heavenly plain,

So swift thy footsteps pass'd and sped
To reach their goal again;
Yet lifting up my ravish'd eye,
I track'd thy path of majesty.
Oh splendid sight! thou long shalt dwell,
With many a scene as fair,
Deep, deep, in memory's sacred cell,
Fresh in thy grandeur there:
And oft to cheer the gloom of night,
Come o'er me in thy pomp of light.

BALLAD STANZAS.

'Twas a misty night, and the watery moon
O'er the billow was darkly beaming;
We doubled the Cape, and near and soon
Saw the welcome beacon gleaming.

Then near to the shore we row'd the boat,
The rude rocks look'd black, and frowning;
And the signal-gun sent its echoing note
To the castle, the dark cliff crowning.

Swiftly and smoothly we near'd the creek,
And with joy to our homes we hurried;
When loud on our ears rang a dismal shriek,
—Then sunk, and in silence was buried.

Breathless we paus'd—'twas the gusty wind,
That whistled so drear and hollow;
We gazed on the steeps we had left behind,
And waited the sound that should follow.

Not a sound was heard but the cormorant's scream,
Yet something we mark'd that appall'd us,
And back, by the dim moon's ominous beam,
We steer'd where the sight recall'd us.

Ah! how such a sight could I live and see?
'Twas Mary, all ghastly and dying;
Feebly and faintly she gaz'd on me,
From the crag where, in death, she was lying!

Feebly, and faintly she murmur'd adieu,
As close to my bosom I strain'd her;
One kiss we exchang'd ere her spirit flew,
And dead in mine arms I enchain'd her.

I bore her away—I deck'd her cold bed—
There, there, till I come, she lies sleeping;
Yet her spirit I see, o'er my desolate head,
Its vigil in constancy keeping.

In death she forgave me, but deep in my brain
Springs ever the fountain of sorrow;
The hot tears must follow again and again,
To be chas'd by the tears of the morrow.

BALLAD.

Go where the water glideth gently ever;
Glideth by meadows that the greenest be.
Go listen to our own beloved river,
And think of me.

Wander thro' forests, where the small flow'r layeth
Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;
List to the dim brook pining while it playeth,
And think of me.

And when the moon riseth as she were dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea;
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,
And think of me.

Watch when the sky is silver pale at even,
And the wind grieveth thro' the lonely tree;
Go out beneath the solitary heaven,
And think of me.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE TURKS UNDER ALI PACHA AND THE SULIOTES.

[The Suliotes had abandoned the villages of the plain, and placed their troops, who amounted in all to three hundred men, in the different defiles: here they waited the enemy's approach. Encouraged by some partial successes they had gained in skirmishing, and emboldened by seeing the Christians retreat before them, the Turks, on the 20th of July, commenced a general attack on the Suliotes. They advanced sabre in hand, driving the Christians into the defiles of Trypa and Saint Vinerande. Never had the Mahometans penetrated so far into the mountains. At sight of their danger, the Suliot s raised a cry which resounded even in the deepest recesses of the mountains. At this signal, which announced the public danger, the women, headed by Mosco, the wife of Captain Tzavella, rushed forward, and joined in the general defence. Animated by the same generous patriotism, the Suliotes, both men and women, seemed now to have but one soul, and, as it were, but one body: seizing, by collective strength, immense masses of rock, they rolled them down with hideous crash on the heads of their invaders. The Turkish column was broken to its very centre. In the mean time, the retreat of those who dared to penetrate into the mountains, was cut off by a sortie from the garrison of Tichos. After having made a dreadful slaughter of the invaders, the victorious Suliotes rushed upon the troops who still remained with the Pacha, and who, terrified by this reverse of fortune, abandoned the field of battle. Ali

himself was compelled to fly; and so hot was the pursuit, that he killed two horses ere he reached Joannina. He could only rally a thousand men, and with these he entered his capital during the night.]—*Life of Ali Pacha.*

'Twas morn—the mountain felt the glow,
The orient sun lit up the day;
When, furious, shouting from below,
To scale the strong holds of the foe,
The Pacha led his fierce array—
Thro' Trypa's pass the Moslems throng,
Thro' Vinerande's urge their way along,
And, sword in hand, embolden'd gain
The midway toward the mountain plain.

Then smote their ears the hill-cry wild,
In earthquake-echoes ringing round,
And crags on crags stupendous pil'd,
Seem'd jarring to the sound.
Then from the cliffs and caverns near,
Upstarted, fresh, a fearful band;
And Women, in defiance, rear
The red right hand.
Gaunt forms from ev'ry cranny spring;
The creeks the gleam of armour fling;
As tho' the giant rocks were rife,
With human issue, for the strife;
As tho' the Dragon's teeth to birth,
Again gave warriors from the Earth.
Then Mosco, at her husband's side,
Her heroine-phalanx firm array'd;
And bold Tzavella drew, with pride,
His battle blade:

Then to their frenzied hands was giv'n
A supernatural pow'r;
They strove as they had never striv'n
Before—
Lo! cloven cliffs with hideous crash,
And rocks, uprooted, downward dash;
And shelving fragments wrench'd away,
Like avalanches roll;
Waking the thunder, on their way,
From pole to pole.

Now tossing in the rugged strait,
Like Pharoah's circumvented hosts,
When the wall'd waves re-sought their coasts,
The broken columns rue their fate:
And, panic-stricken, shriek and shout,
While urging on the random rout,
Fierce yells of triumph rend the air,
The rift rocks clatter down, commission'd not to spare.

Run, run, tho' the passes are chok'd with slain,
Run, run, or ye never shall reach the plain.
They ran, and they stumbled o'er dead and dying;
And the first at the onset were the foremost at flying;
Behind, from the musket, the bullet sped;
And the rocks rain'd destruction overhead;
And before them, ah! now shall they sink in despair;
Now the vain cry for quarter shall rend the air,
Strong to arrest their headlong flight,
In vengeance cutting off retreat,
From Tichos' walls, beneath the height,
The sallying squadrons meet;

Athirst for blood, and fresh for toil,
Grim in the gap they stand;
Well may the fugitives recoil
At such a band!
Well may their pale cheeks paler grow!
Hemm'd in for slaughter by the foe;
Not the fell strength despair supplies,
The dread vicissitude defies;
Not the proud thoughts the patriot nerve,
In their distress the crisis serve!

Hark! the clash of sabres telleth
Where the tide of conquest swelleth;
See the marksmen pick the foe,
See the huge rocks downward go,
While the comrades round their chief,
Dare not rush to their relief.
Soon, soon, the dreadful work is o'er,
The deep ravines are drench'd in gore;
And halloing onward to the plain,
The horsemen give their steeds the rein.
Then wheel'd to flight his choicest bands,
Then Ali galloped for his life;
Hard on his rear the Suliote brands
Renew'd the strife—
And ere Joannina's walls he gain'd,
A thousand followers scarce remain'd.
—And now let Suli raise her voice,
And all her hills rejoice!

For, lo! till darkness quench the day,
Homeward he dares not take his way.
Then raise the song of triumph high,
Let Suli long record the lay;
"Entomb'd beneath our rocks they lie;
"And they are slain, who came, in perfidy, to slay!"

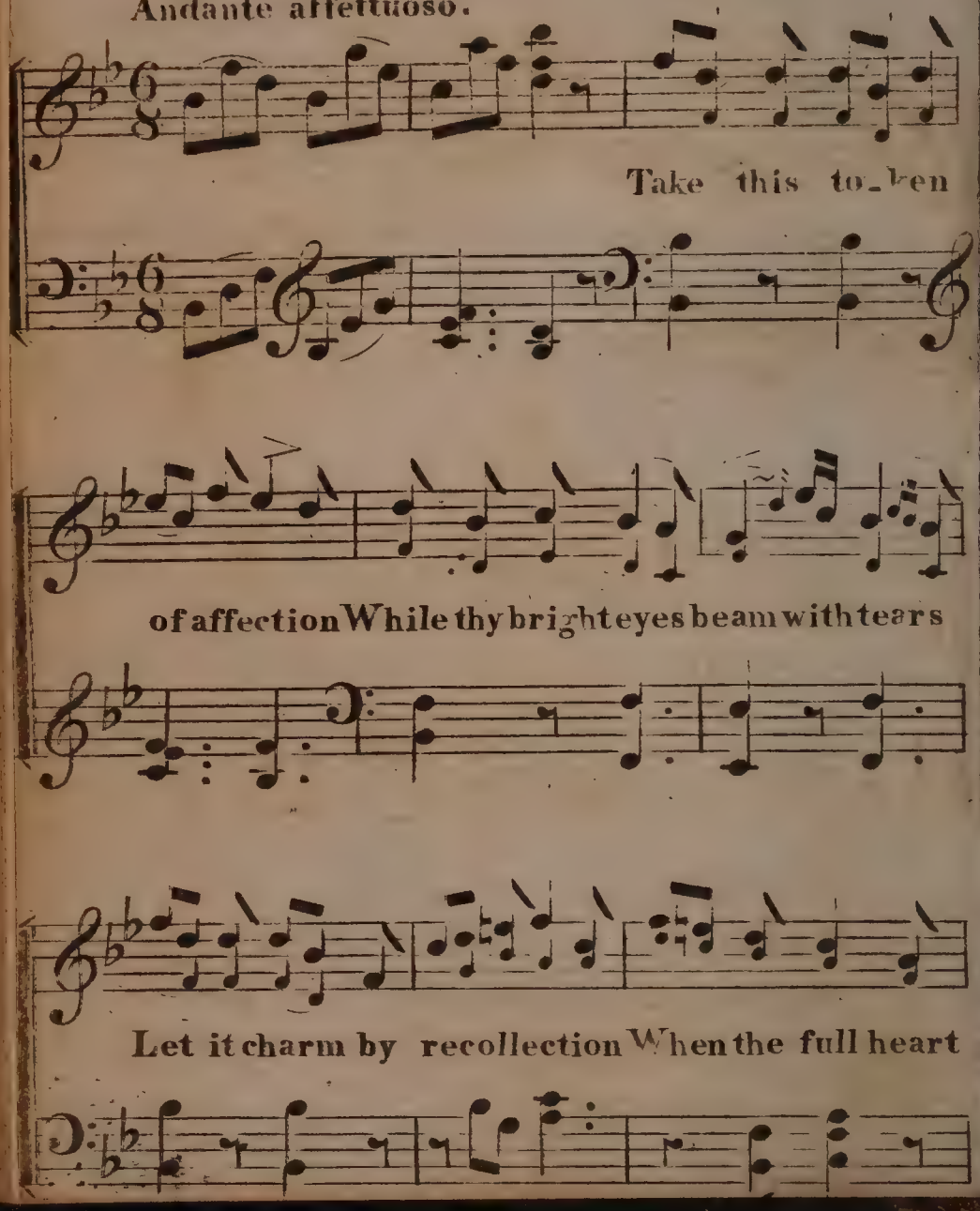
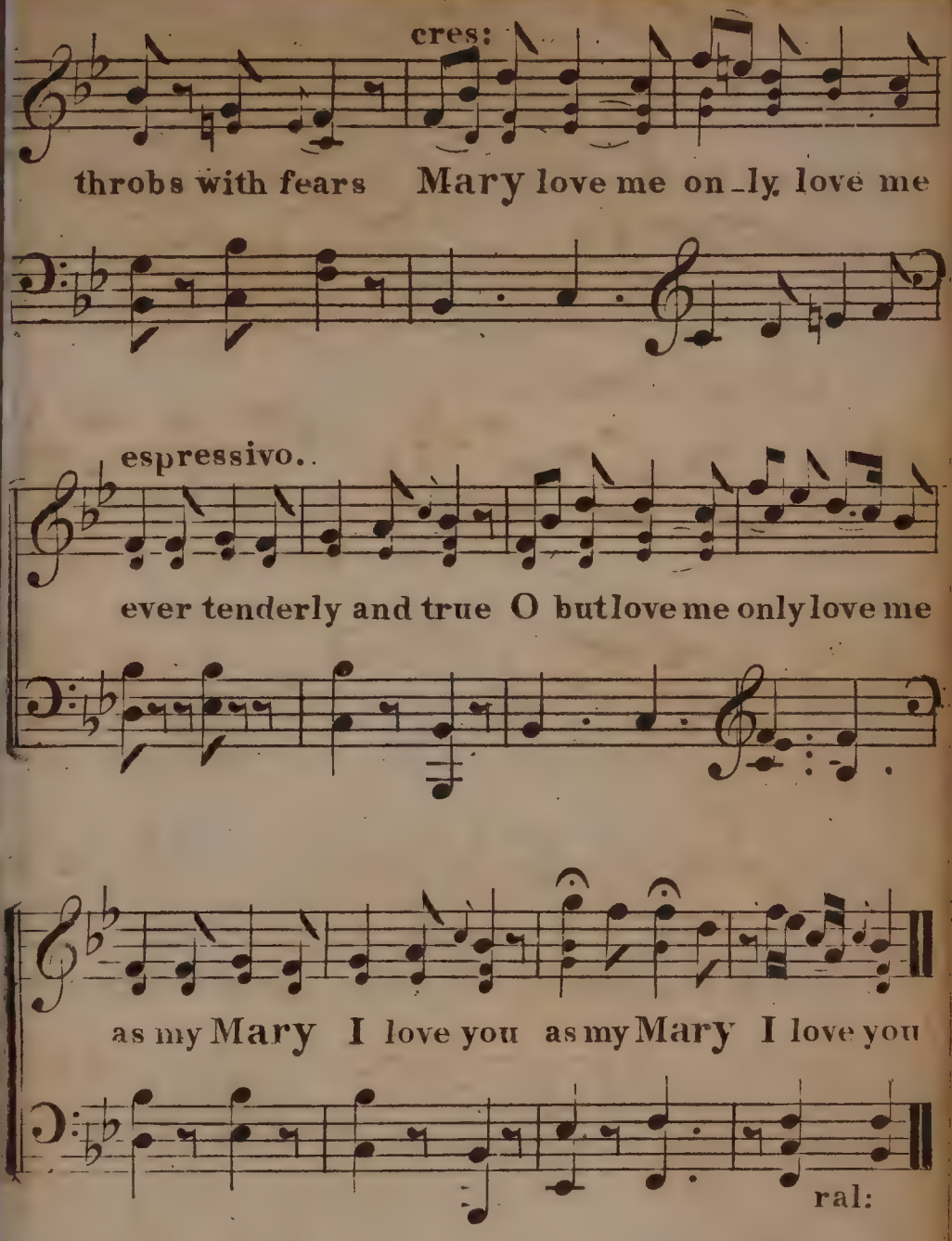
The Eve of Departure.

A CANZONET,

for the

Piano Forte.

Andante affettuoso.

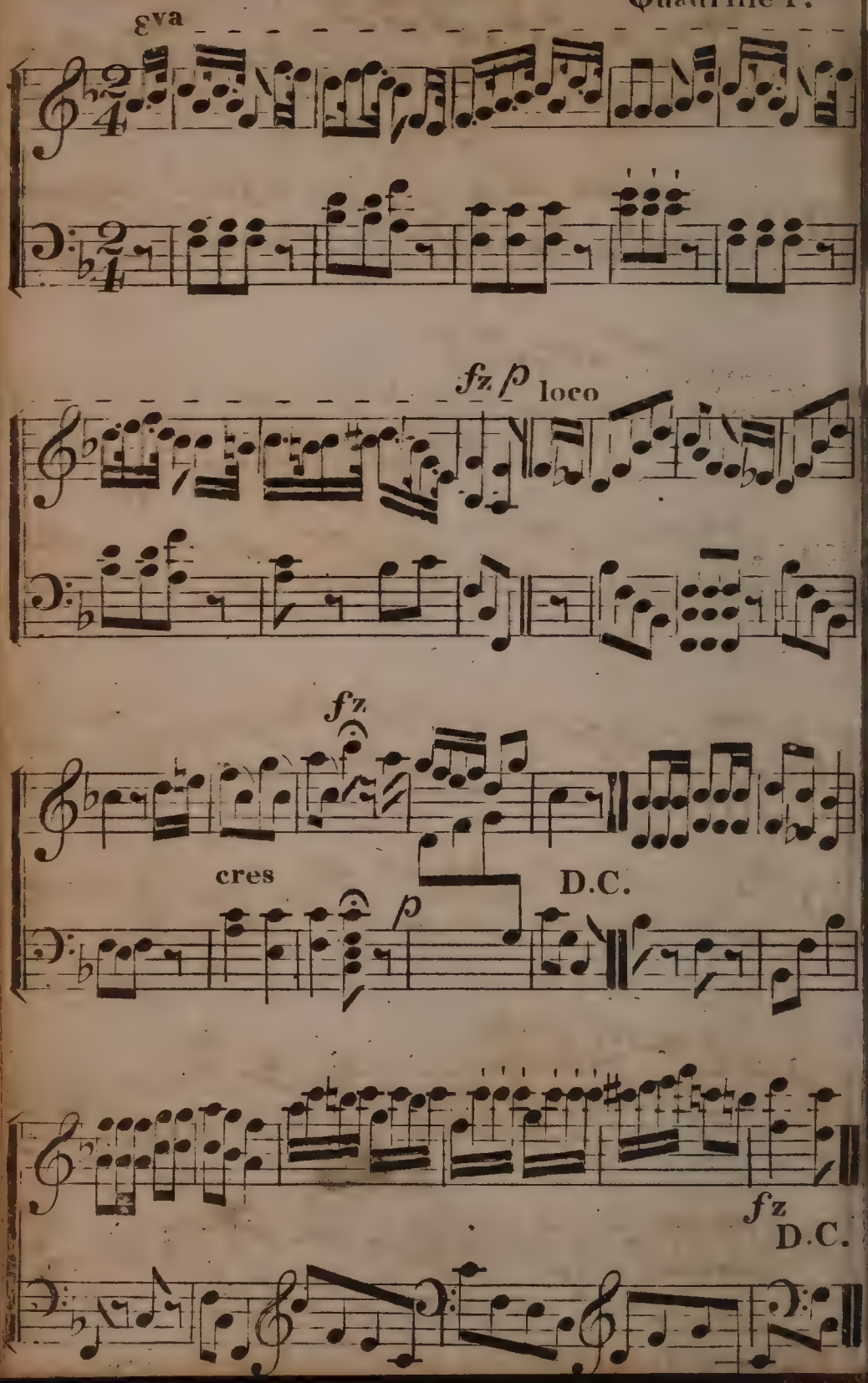


cres:
throbs with fears Mary love me on_ly love me
espressivo..
ever tenderly and true O but love me only love me
as my Mary I love you as my Mary I love you
ral:

This Ballad may be had (of the Publisher) singly with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte and additional Symphonies and Verses set out Pr.1s. 6d.

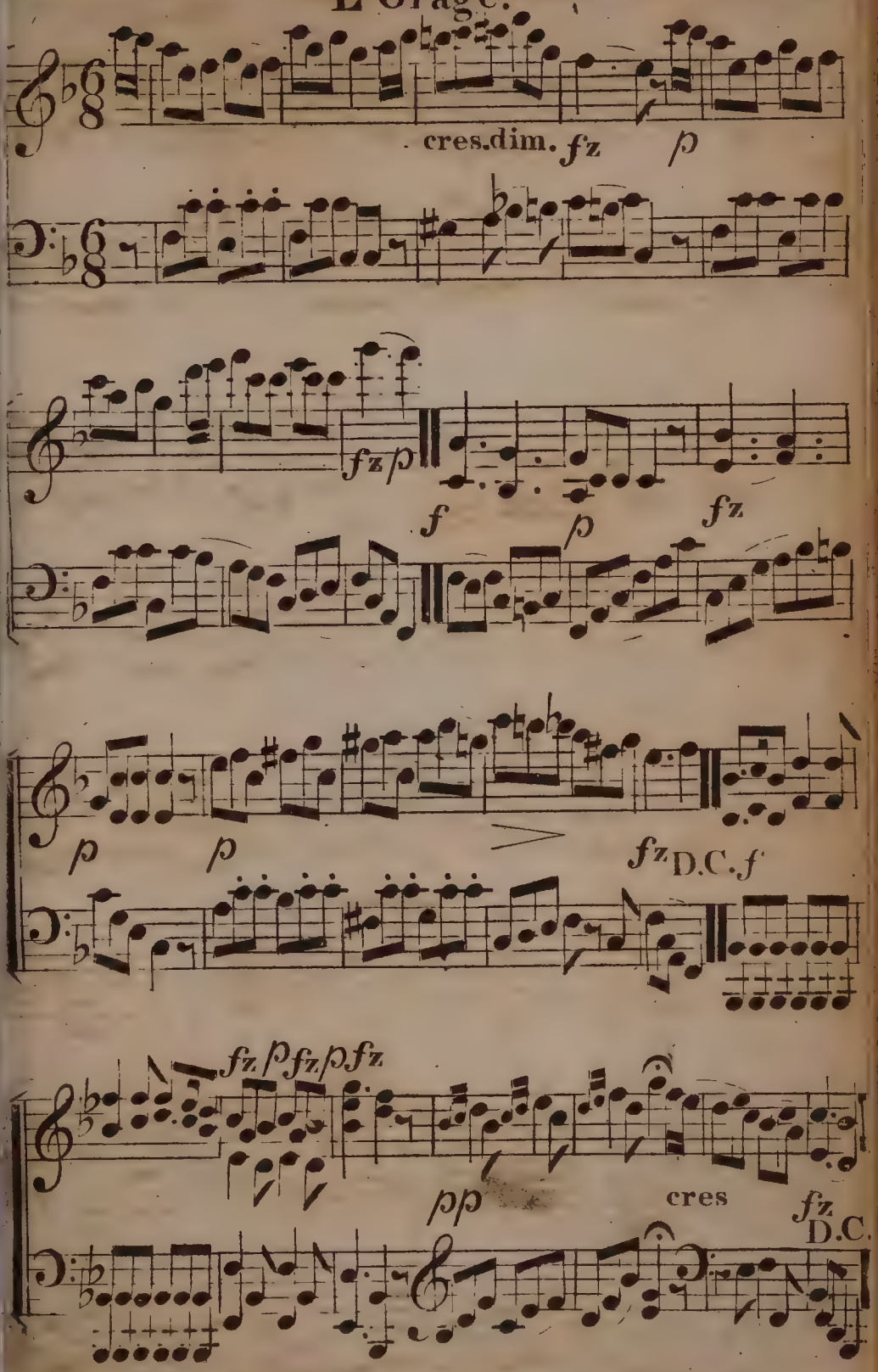
La Capricieuse.

Quadrille 1st



L' Orage.

Quadrille 2.



These 2 Quadrilles with their appropriate Figures

FUTURITY ! thou strange unknown,
Who dares to lift thy veil?—'tis TIME alone.
Despair pourtrays thee with a frown;
Joy decks thee with a roseate crown!
I hail thy coming; haste to me
With olive branch of peace;
Come, like a seraph, smilingly,
And bid my sadness cease:
Let Hope, amid thy fairy band,
Her face in smiles display;
Lead pensive Pity by the hand,
To chase my tears away—
Then shall these leaves bear records of delight,
From many a day of bliss, and many a peaceful night.

Wednesday ٦	Tuesday ٥	Monday ٤	Sunday ٣	Saturday ٢	Friday ١	Thursday

January, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

Thursday 1	
Friday 2	
Saturday 3	
Sunday 4	
Monday 5	
Tuesday 6	
Wednesday 7	

January, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

8 Thursday	
9 Friday	
10 Saturday	
11 Sunday	
12 Monday	
13 Tuesday	
14 Wednesday	

JANUARY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

15	Thursday	
16	Friday	
17	Saturday	
18	Sunday	
19	Monday	
20	Tuesday	
21	Wednesday	

January, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

Thursday	22	
Friday	23	
Saturday	24	
Sunday	25	
Monday	26	
Tuesday	27	
Wednesday	28	

JANUARY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

29	Thursday	
30	Friday	
31	Saturday	
1	Sunday	FEBRUARY.
2	Monday	
3	Tuesday	
4	Wednesday	

February, 29 Days.

Memorandums.

5 Thursday	
6 Friday	
7 Saturday	
8 Sunday	
9 Monday	
10 Tuesday	
11 Wednesday	

February, 29 Days.

Memorandums.

12 Thursday	
13 Friday	
14 Saturday	
15 Sunday	
16 Monday	
17 Tuesday	
18 Wednesday	

February, 29 Days.

Memorandums.

19	Thursday	
20	Friday	
21	Saturday	
22	Sunday	
23	Monday	
24	Tuesday	
25	Wednesday	

February, 29 Days.

Memorandums.

26	Thursday	
27	Friday	
28	Saturday	
29	Sunday	
1	Monday	MARCH.
2	Tuesday	
3	Wednesday	

March, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

4 Thursday	
5 Friday	
6 Saturday	
7 Sunday	
8 Monday	
9 Tuesday	
10 Wednesday	

March, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

11 Thursday	
12 Friday	
13 Saturday	
14 Sunday	
15 Monday	
16 Tuesday	
17 Wednesday	

March, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

18 Thursday	
19 Friday	
20 Saturday	
21 Sunday	
22 Monday	
23 Tuesday	
24 Wednesday	

March, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

25	Thursday	
26	Friday	
27	Saturday	
28	Sunday	
29	Monday	
30	Tuesday	
31	Wednesday	

April, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

Thursday 1	
Friday 2	
Saturday 3	
Sunday 4	
Monday 5	
Tuesday 6	
Wednesday 7	

April, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

8 Thursday	
9 Friday	
10 Saturday	
11 Sunday	
12 Monday	
13 Tuesday	
14 Wednesday	

April, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

15 Thursday	
16 Friday	
17 Saturday	
18 Sunday	
19 Monday	
20 Tuesday	
21 Wednesday	

April, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

22 Thursday	
23 Friday	
24 Saturday	
25 Sunday	
26 Monday	
27 Tuesday	
28 Wednesday	

April, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

29	Thursday	
30	Friday	
1	Saturday	MAY.
2	Sunday	
3	Monday	
4	Tuesday	
5	Wednesday	

May, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

6	Thursday	
7	Friday	
8	Saturday	
9	Sunday	
10	Monday	
11	Tuesday	
12	Wednesday	

May, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

13 Thursday	
14 Friday	
15 Saturday	
16 Sunday	
17 Monday	
18 Tuesday	
19 Wednesday	

May, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

20 Thursday	
21 Friday	
22 Saturday	
23 Sunday	
24 Monday	
25 Tuesday	
26 Wednesday	

MAY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

27 Thursday	
28 Friday	
29 Saturday	
30 Sunday	
31 Monday	
1 Tuesday	JUNE.
2 Wednesday	

June, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

Thursday 3	
Friday 4	
Saturday 5	
Sunday 6	
Monday 7	
Tuesday 8	
Wednesday 9	

June, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

10 Thursday	
11 Friday	
12 Saturday	
13 Sunday	
14 Monday	
15 Tuesday	
16 Wednesday	

June, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

17 Thursday	
18 Friday	
19 Saturday	
20 Sunday	
21 Monday	
22 Tuesday	
23 Wednesday	

JUNE, 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

24 Thursday	
25 Friday	
26 Saturday	
27 Sunday	
28 Monday	
29 Tuesday	
30 Wednesday	

JULY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

1	Thursday	
2	Friday	
3	Saturday	
4	Sunday	
5	Monday	
6	Tuesday	
7	Wednesday	

July, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

8 Thursday	
9 Friday	
10 Saturday	
11 Sunday	
12 Monday	
13 Tuesday	
14 Wednesday	

July, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

15 Thursday	
16 Friday	
17 Saturda	
18 Sunday	
19 Monday	
20 Tuesday	
21 Wednesday	

July, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

Thursday 22	
Friday 23	
Saturday 24	
Sunday 25	
Monday 26	
Tuesday 27	
Wednesday 28	

JULY, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

29	Thursday	
30	Friday	
31	Saturday	
1	Sunday	AUGUST.
2	Monday	
3	Tuesday	
4	Wednesday	

August, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

5 Thursday	
6 Friday	
7 Saturday	
8 Sunday	
9 Monday	
10 Tuesday	
11 Wednesday	

August, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

12	Thursday	
13	Friday	
14	Saturday	
15	Sunday	
16	Monday	
17	Tuesday	
18	Wednesday	

August, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

19 Thursday	
20 Friday	
21 Saturday	
22 Sunday	
23 Monday	
24 Tuesday	
25 Wednesday	

August, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

26 Thursday	
27 Friday	
28 Saturday	
29 Sunday	
30 Monday	
1 Tuesday	SEPTEMBER.
2 Wednesday	

September, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

Thursday 2	
Friday 3	
Saturday 4	
Sunday 5	
Monday 6	
Tuesday 7	
Wednesday 8	

September, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

9 Thursday	
10 Friday	
11 Saturday	
12 Sunday	
13 Monday	
14 Tuesday	
15 Wednesday	

September, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

16 Thursday	
17 Friday	
18 Saturday	
19 Sunday	
20 Monday	
21 Tuesday	
22 Wednesday	

September, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

23 Thursday	
24 Friday	
25 Saturday	
26 Sunday	
27 Monday	
28 Tuesday	
29 Wednesday	

September, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

Thursday	30	
Friday	1	OCTOBER.
Saturday	2	
Sunday	3	
Monday	4	
Tuesday	5	
Wednesday	6	

October, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

7 Thursday	
8 Friday	
9 Saturday	
10 Sunday	
11 Monday	
12 Tuesday	
13 Wednesday	

October, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

14 Thursday	
15 Friday	
16 Saturday	
17 Sunday	
18 Monday	
19 Tuesday	
20 Wednesday	

October, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

21 Thursday	
22 Friday	
23 Saturday	
24 Sunday	
25 Monday	
26 Tuesday	
27 Wednesday	

October, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

Thursday	28	
Friday	29	
Saturday	30	
Sunday	31	
Monday	1	NOVEMBER.
Tuesday	2	
Wednesday	3	

November, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

4	Thursday	
5	Friday	
6	Saturday	
7	Sunday	
8	Monday	
9	Tuesday	
10	Wednesday	

November, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

11 Thursday	
12 Friday	
13 Saturday	
14 Sunday	
15 Monday	
16 Tuesday	
17 Wednesday	

November, 30 Days.

Memorandums.

18 Thursday	
19 Friday	
20 Saturday	
21 Sunday	
22 Monday	
23 Tuesday	
24 Wednesday	

NOVEMBER 30 DAYS.

Memorandums.

Thursday	25	
Friday	26	
Saturday	27	
Sunday	28	
Monday	29	
Tuesday	30	
Wednesday	1	DECEMBER.

December, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

Thursday	2
Friday	3
Saturday	4
Sunday	5
Monday	6
Tuesday	7
Wednesday	8

December, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

9 Thursday	
10 Friday	
11 Saturday	
12 Sunday	
13 Monday	
14 Tuesday	
15 Wednesday	

December, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

16 Thursday	
17 Friday	
18 Saturday	
19 Sunday	
20 Monday	
21 Tuesday	
22 Wednesday	

DECEMBER, 31 DAYS.

Memorandums.

23	Thursday	
24	Friday	
25	Saturday	
26	Sunday	
27	Monday	
28	Tuesday	
29	Wednesday	

December, 31 Days.

Memorandums.

30 Thursday	
31 Friday	

Enigmas, Charades,

&c.

The Answers will be given in the Volume for 1825.

ENIGMAS.

1.

NATURE in one wide commotion,
Troubled earth, and air, and ocean,
Are the signs of my existence,
Of my power beyond resistance.
At my will see streams ascending,
Sea uprearing, sky descending ;
Mountains whelm'd beneath the billow,
Wave of mountain making pillow ;
Rocks in sudden ruin hurl'd,
And chaos governing the world.
Hear me, fear me, but ne'er blame me ;
Youth ingenious ! only name me.

2.

I CLAIM your present thoughts and time,
While I describe myself in rhyme.

When riddles hard on patience press,
I am whate'er you truly guess.
Be it an atom, or a sphere;
A deluge, or a falling tear;
Sun, moon, or stars—fire, air, the earth—
To all the wandering soul gives birth;
The soul itself—infinity—
All, all I am, and all are me.
In eastern climes, where sages formed me,
And with a thought to being warmed me,
I rose in mystic garb concealed,
And stood a wonder when revealed:
The very Magi I perplexed,
Then lived a proverb and a text.
Now am I known in every clime,
And co-exist with Father Time;
Destined, till things material end,
Some profit with light hours to blend,
And prove to most a pleasing friend.
Most Christmas meetings hail my celebration,
And I this moment am your meditation.

3.

NAME the thing that will express
All that you can dream or guess:
All that's comic, all that's sad,
Witty, pretty, merry, mad.
Flirtation, and the lover's pain;
Your lap-dog; the affairs of Spain:
George the Fourth no longer fat,
But youthful, blooming, and "all that;"

Ladies of a certain age,
And known Blue-stockings, all the rage;
Covent-Garden, Drury-Lane,
In one, without a gap between;
And both quite large enough for Kean;
The fair of Saint Bartholomew
Become particularly new;
Easter balls without a cit;
Mr. Canning wanting wit;
No dread of warfare on approach
Of cabriolet and hackney-coach;
And, Bell and Lancaster despite,
Youngsters that cannot read or write.
Such wonders this more wondrous thing
With ease before your eyes will bring.

4.

THE world it resembles in which it is found,
And though never in earth, it is still in the ground.
Eternity's emblem, though made but to-day,
And familiar to infants before their great A.
A plaything for youth, and the stars, sun, and moon,
It is like, as may be made to appear to you soon.
Though nothing can put it in trembling or fear,
It grows double at once should but horrors appear:
The same too whenever 'tis gloomy; and yet
No one ever put it the least in a fret.
Now tell me without any puzzling its name,
Or itself in astonishment it will proclaim.

PRESCRIPTION EXTRAORDINARY.

5.

Three grains of Sentiment;
Half a grain (if the Patient be volatile) of Affectation;
Three scruples of Pure Water.
Mix.

N. B.—The *Exhibition* of this compound is rarely known to fail, in cases where grief is the foundation of the patient's malady.

6.

My parts are bright, tho' without sight,
And full of penetration:
Pray drive me swift, I'll make a shift
With any in the nation.
To run through lawns, like frighted fawns,
And whip your borders round,
I'll sure prevail; let but my tail
Still in my eye be found.

7.

The age at which I am now expiring, as expressed in numbers, is greater than that of any mortal who ever existed, and yet the actual term of my existence, you may be confident, will not exceed a twelvemonth; and it is the literal truth, that I was born on the first of last January. My office in this world, from the very moment of my birth, has been that of registering for future ages all events of importance by the subscription of my name; and in this office it is most likely I

shall have a successor, whose numerical age will be greater even than my own, yet who, like myself, it is certain, will not be more than a year old at the day of his death. Still farther to explain myself, I will add the letters which compose my name: they are three I's, a D, three C's, an M, and two X's.

CHARADES.

1.

Ladies themselves, when I'm complete,
Most heartily will toast me,
And drink their favoured nectar sweet,
While cruelly they roast me.
Perhaps some gay capricious fair
Will cut me next in two;
And, when she takes the winter air,
My first half bring to view.
My other portion, truly, then
Two letters makes—myself, and N.

2.

My first's an English fruit; my second
Short for a female name is reckoned.
My whole a pleasant spice is found,
That never grew in English ground.

3.

My first's a French pronoun, possessive defined;
My second with every good housewife you'll find:
My whole, though a brute in the scale of creation,
Yet coxcombs sometimes have the same appellation.

4.

My first in my second is constantly put,
And my second and whole are not seldom the same:
My whole too, if handsome, the side-board may suit
Of the lady now present who first tells my name.

5.

CREATION's four constituents tell,
And, 'mongst the four, you'll name my first.
My second will the number swell
Of games for which play's votaries thirst.
My whole a spot on foreign ground,
For British deeds of arms renowned.

6.

The influence of my first is found,
Whene'er 'tis dark, the world around.
The crown itself my second covers.
Such high ambition it discovers.
As for my whole—you sometimes wear it—
At least I judge so—now declare it.

7.

My first is English, my second French, my whole a Butcher.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a Dandy like a haunch of venison?
2. What is always invisible, yet never out of sight?

NEW HACKNEY-COACH FARES.

FARES COMPUTED BY DISTANCE.

Not exceeding	s.	d.	Not exceeding	s.	d.
1 Mile	1	0	7 Miles	8	6
1 Mile and a Half	1	6	7 Miles and a Half	9	0
2 Miles	2	0	8 Miles	9	6
2 Miles and a Half	3	0	8 Miles and a Half	10	6
3 Miles	3	6	9 Miles	11	0
3 Miles and a Half	4	0	9 Miles and a Half	11	6
4 Miles	4	6	10 Miles	12	0
4 Miles and a Half	5	6	10 Miles and a Half	13	0
5 Miles	6	0	11 Miles	13	6
5 Miles and a Half	6	6	11 Miles and a Half	14	0
6 Miles	7	0	12 Miles	15	0
6 Miles and a Half	8	0			

And so on for any further Distance after the Rate of 6*d.* for every Half Mile; and an additional 6*d.* for every Two Miles completed.

FARES COMPUTED BY TIME.

Not exceeding	s.	d.	Not exceeding	s.	d.
30 Minutes	1	0	2 Hours & 20 Minutes	6	0
45 Minutes	1	6	2 Hours & 40 Minutes	7	0
1 Hour	2	0	3 Hours	8	0
1 Hour & 20 Minutes	3	0	3 Hours & 20 Minutes	9	0
1 Hour & 40 Minutes	4	0	3 Hours & 40 Minutes	10	0
2 Hours	5	0	4 Hours	11	0

And for any further Time, 6*d.* for every Fifteen Minutes.

The Fares are to be taken by the Hour or Mile only, and not by the Day.

RATES OF WATERMEN.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE,

WESTWARD.	Oars	Sc.	EASTWARD.	Oars	Sc.
To Windsor	21*s.*		To Gravesend	15*s.*	
Staines	18 0		Greenhithe	12 0	
Hampton	12 0		Woolwich	5 0	
Twickenham	9 0		Blackwall	3 6	
Richmond	8 0		Greenwich	2 6	1 3
Brentford	7 0		Deptford	2 0	1 0
Hammersmith	5 0		Duke Shore Stairs,		
Putney	4 0		Radcliff Cross,		
Chelsea Bridge	2 6	1 3	Great Stone		
Vauxhall	2 0	1 0	Stairs & King		
Lambeth	1 6	0 9	& Queen Stairs	1 6	0 9
Any place between			Shadwell Dock,		
Westmins. Bridge,			New Crane,		
and Arundel St.			Church, Exe-		
inclusive	1 0	0 6	cution Dock,		
Blackfriars Bridge	0 8	0 4	Wapping New		
			& Old Stairs	1 0	0 6

Over the water directly to the opposite Shore between Windsor and Greenwich, with a Sculler, twopence, or a penny for each person, if more than one.

The Waterman may demand payment at the rate of 3*d.* (scull,) and 6*d.* (oars), for every half hour, *in lieu* of the above fares, when detained by his passengers on his way to the place at which they choose ultimately to be set down. For detention after having set down his company, he is to be paid, 3*d.* (scull.), and 6*d.* (oars), for every half hour, after the first, *in addition* to the above fares.

Note. Oars in all cases are double the Scullers' fare.

HOLIDAYS

OBSERVED AT THE PUBLIC OFFICES.

Jan. 1, 6, 25, 29, 30, 31.	July 19, 25.
Feb. 2, 24.	August 24.
March 23, 25.	Sept. 2, 21, 29.
April 23, 25.	Oct. 18, 28.
May 1, 29.	Nov. 1, 4, 5, 30.
June 11, 24, 29.	Dec. 21, 25, 26, 27, 28.

Ash-Wednesday, Good-Friday, Easter-Monday and Tuesday, Ascension-Day, Whit-Monday and Tuesday.

N. B. At the Custom House, Stamp and Excise Offices, April 5, 23, May 29, July 19, and December 25, are the only Holidays kept. At the East India House, Good Friday and Christmas Day are the only holidays kept.

Feb. 14, 19, March 1, April 10, 23, June 13, July 15, August 1, Sept. 14, 18, 29, Nov. 2, and 17, are also kept at the Exchequer.—Nov. 9 is kept as a holiday at the Bank and South-sea House.

*** All Holidays that fall on a Sunday (except the Saints' Days) are kept on the Monday following.

N. B. The Holidays at the Bank, as here stated, relate to the Transfer of Stock and Payment of Dividends only; with respect to the general Business, the Holidays are the same as at the Custom-House, Excise and Stamp offices.

TRANSFER DAYS AT THE BANK.

	Dividends due.
Stock, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday	April 5, Oct. 10
3 per cent. red. Tues. Wed. Thurs. and Friday	
3 and a half per cent. Tues. Thurs. and Friday	
3 per cent. 1726, Tuesday and Thursday	Jan. 5, July 5
3 per cent. con. Tues. Wed. Thurs. and Friday	
4 per cent. con. Tues. Wed. Thurs. and Friday	April 5, Oct. 10
Long Annuity, Monday, Wed. and Saturday	
4 per cent. New, Tues. Wed. Thurs. and Friday	Jan. 5. July 5
5 per cent. Loyalty, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday	April 5, Oct. 10
Imperial, 3 per cent. Mon. Wed. and Friday	May 1, Nov. 1
Ditto Annuity for 25 years; Tues. Thurs. and Sat.	
Irish 5 per cent. and Irish Ann. 1794, 1795, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday	Mar. 25, Sep. 25

Hours for buying, selling, and transferring, from 11 to 1; for accepting, from 9 to 3; for payment of dividends, from 9 to 3, every day in the week.

South-Sea House.

Stock, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday	Jan. 5, July 5
3 per cent. Old Annuity, Mond. Wed. and Friday	April 5, Oct. 10
3 per cent. New Ann. Tuesd. Thurs. and Saturday	Jan. 5. July 5
3 per cent. 1751, Tuesday and Thursday	

Hours of transferring, from 12 to 1; for receiving dividends, from 9 to 12

East India House.

Stock, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday ..... Jan. 5. July 5
Interest on India Bonds due ..... Mar. 31, Sept. 30

Hours of transfer, from 9 to 2. Payment of Dividends, from 9 to 3.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch street.

A LIST OF WORKS,

recently published by

LUPTON RELFE,

BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER, 13, CORNHILL.

The LIFE of ALI PACHA, of Jannina, late Vizier of Epirus, surnamed, Aslan, or the Lion: including a compendious HISTORY OF MODERN GREECE. Second edition, Illustrated with Plates, Maps, &c. 1 Vol. 8vo. Price 12*s*.

The FALL of CONSTANTINOPLE, Parga, the Death of Emineh, and other Poems. By JACOB JONES, Jun. of the Inner Temple, and late of Brase-nose College, Oxford. To which is prefixed, a preface, animadverting on the unprecedented conduct of the ROYAL SOCIETY of LITERATURE; in 1 Vol. 8vo.

DANGEROUS ERRORS, a Tale. fc. 8vo. Price 6*s*.

INFLUENCE and EXAMPLE, a Tale, fc. 8vo. Price 6*s*.

The FOSSILS of the SOUTH DOWNS; or, Outlines of the Geology of Sussex. With Forty-two Plates. By GIDEON MANTELL, F.R.S. &c. royal 4to. Price 3*l*. 3*s*.

A few copies with coloured impressions of the Plates may still be had, Price 6*l*. 6*s* 0*d*.

The HISTORY of MICHEL KEMP, the happy Farmer's Lad. Fourth edition, 1 Vol. 12mo. Price 4*s*.

THE PRESS, a Satire, by JAMES HARLEY, fc. 8vo. Price 5*s*.

LUCIDUS ORDO ; comprising an Analytical Course of Studies on the several branches of Musical Science, with a new Classification of Thorough Bass. By J. RELFE, Musician in Ordinary to his Majesty.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES and ANECDOTES of the most distinguished Roman Characters. Price 2*s*. 6*d*. half-bound.

PORTRAITS and VIEWS, which have embellished the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, and are highly celebrated both for the accuracy and beauty of their execution, are now on sale, on the following terms:—

Those published from the commencement in the year 1782, to the close of 1814.—25 for 3*s*. 6*d*.—50 for 6*s*. —100 for 10*s*.

Those published since the year 1814, at 25 for 6*s*.

A few proofs may still be had of some of the most interesting plates.